

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1885

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We are delighted to call the attention of our readers to the National Women's Anti-Suffrage Association, of which the Hon. Ivor Guest is the Hon. Secretary. It is a pleasure to be able to record the fact that, as a counter-blast to the recent demonstrations of the screaming sisterhood, thousands of sane and clear-headed women all over the country have been pouring letters into Wimborne House in support of the Anti-Suffrage Association. One of the evening newspapers has given us a few specimens chosen at hazard from these letters. It is very cheering to read them, and to find that the ladies who write them have even stronger views against the women Suffragists than we have ourselves—which, when you come to think of it, is saying a good deal. A great many of these admirable ladies express the feeling to which we before made reference—viz., their dislike of publicity and public demonstrations. It is certainly very unfortunate that in our days, apparently, in order to be taken seriously by political parties, we are obliged to demonstrate, whether we like it or not. Perhaps the days are not far distant when it will be necessary for those who believe that two and two make four to convince Mr. Asquith of the sincerity of their belief by means of banners and brass bands. Anyhow, things have come to such a pass that we must call upon these ladies, in spite of their reluctance, for once in a way to imitate, in a modified way, the methods of their opponents. The noisy minority has held the field long enough, and the time has come when the silent majority must find a voice and make itself heard. When it does so we shall hear no more of the Suffragist movement, and we shall be able to look back on these troubled times as a period of temporary insanity.

There seems a tendency in many quarters just at present to congratulate ourselves on the splendid and imposing London that has risen, or is rising, from the ruins of old slums and grey, grim streets. This is all very well, and one does not deny that in nine cases out of ten the new buildings are a great improvement on the old. Regent Street in stone is putting to shame the

old stucco frontage—though that had its graces, too—and the new theatres about Aldwych and the Strand are certainly more agreeable than the dirty old cockpits burrowing nervously into back streets that we remember so well. Of course there is a *per contra*; there was a picturesque note about tumbledown Clare Market that the judicious will miss, that lovers of Dickens will grieve for, and the destruction of Clement's Inn was a crime. Nothing can make up for its pleasant lawns or for the old garden-house or for the Hall. Still, the new London that is rising is stately, grandiose, even superb, and the occasional weaknesses in its architecture may be made to serve a moral, if we are reminded by them if our great colonies, which are nothing if not inartistic.

But, granting that the heart of London is becoming worthy of its position as the centre of a great world-people, we must not forget that the centre is only a small spot in the middle of a very big circle. All the fine fronts that we are boasting about are contained in a mile radius from Charing Cross; beyond that radius are many leagues of streets which are far from lovely, some of which are unspeakably dreary. Logically, dreariness may not matter; the reasonable man is supposed to be content if the roofs and walls of his dwelling are watertight, if his water-supply is ample, and the drains beyond reproach. But happily we are not conformed in practice to this ideal; we thirst for pleasantness, for beauty even, though we may not be aware of the fact; and in a great town we thirst above all for green leaves, for some relief to the awful wilderness of brick and stone. The poor little window-boxes in the wretchedest slums are significant of this desire for the green world beyond the walls; and here we think is the hint for a great reform. The architecture of most of our streets is past all hope; nothing but an earthquake could reform that. But what a transformation could be effected if every street in London without exception were planted with avenues of trees, if every horrid backyard, every dismal asphalt court were made an arbour of leaves. London would be one of the great forests of the world, and pleasantness and beauty and fancy apart, I suppose its healthiness would be much increased, since every leaf on every tree is a magazine of pure air. Of course many people would protest, some would say that the fallen leaves in autumn made a nasty litter; and we would suggest that these people should be allowed to protest.

But it should not be forgotten that there are many trees that thrive in London besides the plane. The plane has a splendid growth, and fights the soot and fog and clay sub-soil valiantly; but still there are others. The catalpa makes as good a resistance; there is an aged specimen in Gray's Inn which tradition says was planted by Raleigh. Then the ash deserves attention, and the mulberry also, and where breadth rather than height is desired the fig-tree is eminent above all. It will grow green and broad and glossy planted in the most evil soil; it will thrive in the cold and clammy depths of an area, and it seems to find a diet of "blacks" nourishing. As much may be said of the vine; we have seen in Pentonville a wall covered with purple grapes; so the two great symbolic trees are available for the decking of our meanest streets. The lime, which is often planted, should be planted no more, since its leaves are withered in most seasons by mid-July; but there are many candidates ready to take its place. It would be desirable that a space in each of the central squares should be made into a *champ d'expérience*; various growths should be planted, and their behaviour watched; and above all it would be desirable that the true method of tree-planting should be imparted to the workmen employed. Sir Walter Scott used to quote a verse which gave the limits of time—between Martinmas and March—but we remember a good many years ago seeing a long line of narrow and deep graves dug in Rosebery Avenue, into which graves were placed plane-trees just coming into leaf. The results were not happy. And there

is another point. We printed in *THE ACADEMY* a few months ago some charming verses which celebrated the growth of wild flowers and grasses that had sprung up in the empty spaces of Aldwych. These flowers and grasses must yield place to buildings; but why should not a certain space be set apart in every park for these wild folk of the woods and meadows?

The Hapenny Bird pipeth for us again :

Unlike some of our *confrères*, we, the editors of the *Red Magazine*, will at all times be pleased to welcome the personal calls of intending contributors and critical readers. That perfect understanding which should exist between the producer and the writers of good literature can only be obtained by personal contact. The editors will therefore welcome at these offices the many talented men and women who have hitherto found it difficult to reach the fountain-heads of those publications for which their efforts were intended In that spirit of confidence and mutual understanding we greet you

Which is the purest balderdash. The notion of the Harmsworths greeting anything or anybody in a "spirit of confidence and mutual understanding" will appeal pleasantly to the simplest; even as the editors' babble about "writers of good literature" will amuse the wise. Writers of good literature who cannot get at the "fountain-heads" of the publications for which their efforts are intended have no feet. In the first issue of their captivating sheet "the Editors" give us work by Maud Stepney Rawson, Fred M. White, Oliver Onions, H. B. Marriott Watson, and Winifred Graham, all of whom, we suppose, came into the office out of the gutter and were received benevolently by "the Editors" of the *Red Magazine*. These same editors complain that other editors, not themselves, "achieve success in magazine publication by heaping together well-known names." Of course there are no well-known names in the *Red Magazine*. And what is more, when the Editors come to deal with the poetical side of matters we are constrained to wish that they had gone in for names. Here is a stanza from a tearful dithyramb entitled "Just whisper, 'Never mind'!"

But love must prompt that soft caress—
The love must aye be true;
Or at that tender, clinging touch
No heartease comes to you.
But if the arm be moved by love,
Sweet comfort you will find,
When some one slips an arm around,
And whispers, "Never mind."

"Where is our wandering boy to-night?"—possibly editing brainless magazines at Carmelite House.

Number 3 of the *New Quarterly* contains further extracts from the notebook of Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon." Some of them are quite delightful. For example :

The essence of priggishness is setting up to be better than one's neighbours. Better may mean more virtuous, more clever, more agreeable or what not. The worst of it is that one cannot do anything outside eating one's dinner or taking a walk without setting up to know more than one's neighbours. It was this that made me say in *Life and Habit* that I was amongst the damned in that I wrote at all. And so I am; and I am often very sorry that I was never able to reach those more saintly classes who do not set up as instructors of other people. But one must take one's lot.

In a sense it is extraordinary to find a man of Butler's critical powers owning to such a view even in a notebook. There is nothing so pitiful as the prig. On the other hand, the mere telling of a man that he is wrong about this, that, or the other when you know him to be wrong cannot fairly be called priggishness. If one discovers that one's neighbour imagines that two and two make five, there can be no possible harm in endeavouring to set him

right on the point. We believe that many writers, particularly in the higher walks of journalism, refrain from a good deal of plain speaking because they feel as Butler seems to have felt. In our view the result is most dire. You will find usually that when a person has a schism to ventilate that person is never in the least diffident about its ventilation. And it seems to us that there should be no diffidence, half-measures, or mealy-mouthedness in the reproof of him. The man who does not set up as an instructor of other people may be blessed, but there can be no doubt that he is in sore need of instruction.

The *Daily Chronicle* of June 12th delivered itself of opinions as to Offenbach. *La Grande Duchesse* was performed at the Shaftesbury, and the *Daily Chronicle* of the date we have mentioned spoke of the revival as a "regurgitation of this wild burst of strident clamour and tinsel show." Also, on June 12th, "Offenbach's masterpiece was a sorry business from an artistic point of view—a flaunt, a flare, a din, gaudy, graceless, and wholly extravagant." Further, on June 12th, the "company" at the Shaftesbury was not "supremely good." But in the *Daily Chronicle* of June 17th we read :

A bright, breezy entertainment is the revival at the Shaftesbury of the world-famous comic opera *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, and one happily that is attracting large audiences to this theatre.

The delightfully exhilarating music of Offenbach is admirably interpreted by the company specially brought here from Paris, and headed by that splendid artist Madame Tariol-Baugé. This gifted prima donna has never been seen to better advantage than in the rôle of the amorous ruler of the little province. Last night she proved herself to be the mainstay of the representation, and her rendering of "Le sabre de mon père" and other familiar solos was most effective.

It would be interesting to know what fall of white marble took place in the soul of the musical critic of the *Daily Chronicle* in the five days between June 12th and June 17th. It is characteristic of the halfpenny paper that it seldom knows its own mind from day to day. Accidents will happen even in the best newspaper offices, and we suppose that the discrepancy we have pointed out is the result of an accident. But is it not incumbent upon the *Daily Chronicle* to go a little further and tell us in a few sparkling words which of its notices it really means?

We have been sorely perturbed in mind this week concerning a sonnet, a poem, a—well, let us say twelve lines that follow the rules and two that don't—which appeared in last Wednesday's *Daily Chronicle* under the aegis of this affecting introduction:—"Written on the prison-slate in my cell at Holloway to while away the hours of my recent imprisonment for the suffrage." The first four lines are really excellent when cleared of their suspensions—brought down to *x* and *y*, so to put it; and, while engaged in excavating for their significance, we felt confident that they would do the authoress credit :

Must we pass scoffing that sweet creed, that dreams
Of kindred souls—of sympathies divine
Lit in eternity's dim past—and deems
Such fire, once kindled, through Time's mists can shine?

That fourth line is rather a tongue-twister; but, naturally, to a glib, gay Suffragette articulation has no terrors—witness the "surely 'twixt us twain," which adorns the fifth verse. Then, however (as we feared when we read "kindred souls" and "Time's mists"), we find "blind clinging," eyes compared to "deep wells," "soft arms," "fate's blasts," and a "haven"—which things are all unfortunate and condemnatory when one is writing a sonnet even on a prison slate. There can be no excuse; it might so easily have been rubbed out and re-written, or, better still, left erased on the chance of being "precipitated" later on by

an experimentalist in the occult. But the gem of this effusion shines in the concluding couplet:

'Mid Heaven's hymns, methinks, none will discover
A word more sacred than the earth-cry—Mother.

We shouldn't have dared! Miss Irene Miller is a plucky person, and deserves a commemorative gift of a Rhyming Dictionary, for she so evidently means well.

It were ingratitude to omit notice of the return of Adeline Genée. Who has cared for the "Empire"—and she absent? Who will not go now—and she back? For ten years we have had this bright, incomparable dancer in the midst of us, perennially fresh, gay, irresistible; and the six months of her absence have seemed strange and void. From a debauch of bad pictures and the dismaying thought of nasty plays it has been a relief to turn for an hour and watch Genée. When Hall Caine and Dr. Clifford have ceased to entertain us, and even the Suffrage wranglers have failed to amuse, she has remained vitally attractive. Seeing her, you forget she is said to practise four hours a day—does a swallow practise his evening flight? She dances a villanella, a roundel, a triolet; to think of an "Empire" ballet is to recall her infallible charm. Who that saw her will forget her admirable, irreflexive gaiety in the Watteau scene—from *Cinderella*, was it?—two years ago! It is easy to fall into facile superlatives; it is easy, as we know, to make dancing ridiculous by ascribing to it the perfectness of other lovely things; but in plain truth Adeline Genée is one of London's delights.

We notice that Mr. Claudius Clear, of the *British Weekly*, has been writing an article called "The Human Ass." The article is not about Scotchmen and it is not autobiographical. "The Ass," says Claudius Clear, "invariably fancies that he can make money in any business, but more especially in the business of the novelist, the journalist, and the dramatist. Until recently he had a profound contempt for all of these, but of late the talk has been that dramatists make much money, and so the Ass has turned his mind that way." We do not suppose for a moment that Claudius Clear is a dramatist. The words we have quoted remind us irresistibly of the story of the Jew who on being shown the moose at the Zoological Gardens remarked to his wife, "Goodness gracious, Sarah, what a nose!" Apparently it has not occurred to Claudius Clear that if it were not for the human Ass the *British Weekly* would not be over well off for readers.

IN TIME OF MOURNING

If you might break the silence of the tomb,
You would not crave an increase of my tears,
Nor bid me draw the curtains of my room
Nor count once more the tale of vanished years.
The love of lost ones breathes in our desires.
It is not hidden in the cloistered heart,
There to be quenched by Time's consuming fires
When we have wept and played the mourner's part.
If I march forward when the dark besets,
You, watching from your prison house, will smile,
You live in deeds, not in our vain regrets,
And life at most is for a little while!

A. T.

REVIEWS

ANGLICAN MODERNISM

Anglican Liberalism. By TWELVE CHURCHMEN. (Williams and Norgate, 5s. net.)

If the purpose of these essays is to exploit Anglican Modernism they must be regarded, with perhaps one or two exceptions, as singularly weak and inadequate for so important a task. They have, we observe, been compared with "Lux Mundi." But in literary expression, ability, and depth of thought they are a long way behind that famous work.

We are at first struck by the unreal tone of apologetic pessimism of some of the writers, the last attitude that should be adopted by the prophets of a new evangel. Are the "faults of the Church and her amazing lack" really so great that the first contributor, Mr. H. Handley, is reasonably justified in asking such questions as these:

When to this nation will the English Church arise, shine, for her light is come? When will she be to the people something intimate, grand, and vital?

We were of opinion that her Light came long centuries ago. Is the answer to be found in "amended ecclesiastical expression" or in the realisation of "our dream—our Church repenting her sins, and ministering to the English people"? We should have thought that repentance and ministrations were already very present factors in reform. Another writer's gloomy view finds expression in this statement:

The problem we have to face is not so much how to keep Anglican theology alive in an unsympathetic world of thought; what we need to consider is whether Anglican theology is wholesome food for Englishmen of our generation—for the living Church in our midst. Is it, in its present condition, fit to keep the Church alive?

The Liberal theologian is generally himself enough of a modern man to believe that some parts of what generally passes for the Christian message . . . are really outworn, and need to be dropped to make room for new developments and new arrangements.

Why? Because "modern folk are impatient of dogma." But there is no doubt in the mind of any impartial student of history that, as Professor Mahaffy long ago pointed out, it was the preaching, not of morals, but of Christian dogma, which captured and reformed the ancient world.

We are naturally led to inquire what are the "outworn parts of the Christian message," which "Liberal theologians" would eliminate with a view to reform. The answer is not far to seek. It is stated boldly enough in the most remarkable essay in the volume—Clerical Liberalism. Dr. Rashdall leaves us in no doubt as to what is meant by Liberalism, in his desire to state the widest "limits of permissible latitude in the interpretations" of the Creeds and Articles of the Church.

The Essays in "Lux Mundi" are dismissed as "mild utterances" and "attenuated criticism." A much broader "way out" must now be found for Liberal Modernists. So the question is, "What are the essential doctrines of Christianity to which a candidate for Orders must be taken to pledge himself?" At least, we should have imagined, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. But we are told that:

There are many who regard such doctrines as the Virgin Birth of our Lord and His bodily Resurrection (not in the sense of a vision which historically occurred to the disciples, but in the sense of a literal reanimation of the Body placed in the tomb) as no more essential to Christianity than the other matters (which?) no less unhesitatingly asserted by the Creeds, about which liberty of interpretation is practically conceded. There is no intelligible principle of interpretation . . . which will not permit us to take the word "Virgin" to mean a young woman, or to understand by "He rose from the dead" a vision of the Immortal and Risen Christ.

Dr. Rashdall is courageous and straightforward enough when he adds:

I shall now be asked . . . if these historical statements

are to be explained away, why not the more distinctly doctrinal statements? If the bodily resurrection, why not every form of historical resurrection? If the Virgin Birth, why not the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, the Holy Trinity? I admit that so long as the matter is treated as a question of "honesty" or "veracity" it might be difficult to distinguish between the "explanations" and "interpretations" which everybody allows, and others which would leave standing very little of what any average person would recognise as the Christian religion. . . . But the practical question is not now one of honesty, but of spiritual expediency.

What then is to be the standard of Faith? Dr. Rashdall gives a simple answer: "Primarily each man must judge for himself of this spiritual expediency"—an answer which history teaches us would soon result in disruption; an answer which has led to the formation of some two hundred sects among those who have seceded from the Church; an answer somewhat surprising from a priest of the Church, but quite intelligible from a man who assures us that:

In the Church of England the compulsory use of the Prayer-book and Creeds still further limits the range of expedient latitude.

It will readily be understood that Dr. Rashdall sets little value upon General Councils of the Church:

I am not one of those who expect great results of any kind from monster assemblies of Bishops. . . . The power of such assemblies for good is small, their power for evil is large.

More pessimism. (It is too late now to give up the Pan-Anglican Congress.) So the best thing that can be done by these unfortunate prelates, assailed by all parties, is to "place no difficulties" (particularly not the Creeds of Catholic Christendom) "in the way of liberal-minded candidates for Orders," for:

There are much less "advanced" pieces of Liberalism than doubts about the Virgin Birth which induce men to give up the idea of being ordained, and which would have no such effect if they could hear from a Bishop—in public—that they constitute no valid objection to Ordination.

We trust that we do Dr. Rashdall no injustice if we say that his position seems to us scarcely to be distinguished from Unitarianism, with a reverence for the Christian revelation shorn of historical dogma. Nor are we of those who think that the necessity for honest subscription to the Creeds of the Church is a prime cause of diminution in the supply of candidates for Ordination. Dr. Rashdall actually laments that those Theological Colleges where the Catholic faith (Dr. Rashdall's "advanced Sacerdotalism") is dogmatically taught are the "largest and most popular." Nor do we consider that Dr. Rashdall's prescription for whittling down the Creeds to bare Theism is necessary:

To counteract that alienation of educated laymen from the Church which is endangering the very existence of Christianity among us—

surely a most exaggerated view.

The suggestions in this essay appear to us an apposite commentary on Dr. Illingworth's recent observation that:

There are signs that the doctrine of the Trinity is again likely to become the battleground that it has so often been before in Christian history; the battleground on which the contention for the Faith will have for the time to be carried on.

Professor Percy Gardner, in his essay "Lay Liberalism," writes in much the same spirit, saying:

That nothing in the way of Creed or Article should be so tightly interpreted as to exclude from the ministry men who have a real vocation for it.

Like other of these essayists, he too seems possessed with the pessimistic notion that the Church is ceasing to be the Church of the people. We allege that there is ample evidence that where the Church teaches dogmatic faith the Church is increasingly the Church of the people, and even of educated laymen, supposed to be alienated. Nearly every age of the Church has seen among all classes a tinge of Arianism, dormant or aggressive, and yet historic Christianity has prevailed.

On the other hand, Professor Gardner well refutes the

very common error that the masses cannot be Christian until they reach a certain level of comfort:

However keenly one may sympathise with those who desire to raise the level of material existence, one must remember that Christianity grew to maturity in the slums of ancient cities, slums compared with which the worst districts of London and Liverpool are paradises. Physical comfort may be a more desirable thing than religious peace—that is a common view, though not a Christian view; but physical discomfort does not exclude religious peace—that is as certain as the fact that the world revolves round the sun.

Some of the other essays call for short notice. Sir C. T. Dyke Acland writes a dignified lament—in keeping with the tone of melancholy which pervades this book—that more of the clergy (and laity) do not belong to the Liberal party in politics, while Mr. A. J. Carlyle thinks that Liberal theology is a sort of panacea for the reconstruction of industrial society, which "at present is governed by blind, monstrous, inhuman force."

The academic essay on Past Liberalism seems a little belated, both in substance and position, being placed ninth instead of first. Professor Caldecott, writing on Nonconformist Liberalism, ignores Mr. Campbell and the New Theology, thus missing the opportunity of a useful parallel to Anglican Liberalism, opinions expressed elsewhere in this book. In curious contrast to Dr. Rashdall's depressing estimate of Ecclesiastical Councils, he points to "the continued and practical acknowledgment on the part of Nonconformists of the necessity of Councils and decrees, though now designated 'assemblies' and 'resolutions'"—in short, that Dissenters feel the want of their lost corporate unity and corporate faith.

We are advised by a note at the beginning of this book that, although each contributor is responsible only for his own essay, the title indicates among the writers a general community of aim. We have quoted at some length in order to show the dominant idea that the Church can only be saved by accepting the widest destructive criticism of historic Christianity. We have protested against both the pessimism and the conclusion. And what is to be substituted? An attenuated faith based on the purely metaphysical doctrine that events which may be supposed to have happened in the spiritual sphere could not possibly have taken place in the phenomenal. There seems to us little difference between this view and the well-known theory of hallucination. We believe that to a vast majority of Christians it is still a condition of their personal and individual faith that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Christ's Body are actual verities in the same sense that the Crucifixion is. If instead there were substituted, as proposed in this book, an illegitimate child and a visual apparition, the whole Gospel of the Christian Faith would for them become non-existent, leaving only a cynical agnosticism. To many "modern" minds this "unscientific position" may appear even pitiable. But its existence is a fact bound up with historic Christianity and the faith of millions. We admit that there is room for greater liberality of thought in ecclesiastical circles about matters that are not essential to the Catholic Faith, but we cannot think that the Church is in danger of collapse unless her creeds are reconstructed on the basis of Theism with an implied belief in the Platonic view of the immortality of the soul, as distinguished from that Resurrection of the body, the preaching of which was to the Greeks, as to many in our own time, foolishness.

THE ROYAL BOROUGH

Windsor. Painted by GEORGE M. HENTON. Described by Sir RICHARD RIVINGTON HOLMES, K.C.V.O. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE history of Windsor is essentially the history of Windsor Castle. Its burghers have, doubtless, played their part in the making of England, but their achievements have been dwarfed in the presence of the mighty deeds of kings and courtiers. Shakespeare, in perhaps

the most purely farcical play he ever wrote, has given us a glimpse of civic life in the Royal borough, but for the most part history is discreetly silent—having, indeed, weightier matters wherewith to concern itself. The Castle, which dominates with a proud and insolent superiority the congeries of slums and narrow streets by which it is surrounded, is a monument to the noblest and most kingly traditions of our race.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a book on Windsor should concern itself exclusively with the story of Windsor Castle, and the subsidiary, but no less interesting, story of St. George's Chapel. Sir Richard Holmes has performed his task well, and had he but been tempted to the faintest indication of human emotion, he would have performed it admirably. As it is the book lacks the flavour of permanent interest. It is—to adopt a familiar and expressive colloquialism—a little "dry." The personal note is entirely missing, and the author's superiority to anything in the nature of an anecdote is disappointing to one who expects in a history something more than a mere chronicle of facts. It is not for the reviewer to supplement the labours of the biographer, but we are entitled to complain that a period so full of colour and romance as that of the Four Georges should be dismissed in thirteen pages. Of "Farmer George" himself—most attractive of Windsor lovers—we hear practically nothing. It was this amiable monarch who, on the eve of a memorable election, in which Admiral Keppel figured as the Whig candidate, strolled into a silk-mercer's shop in the town, and called out: "The Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel. No Keppel." Surely Sir Richard might have found space for this gem of electioneering tactics. We should like, too, to have heard something of the sprightly Fanny Burney, whom Royalty detained for so many years as an unwilling captive at Windsor Castle.

However, we must be content with what we get, and, since Sir Richard has elected to be other than discursive, we must accept his book for what it is. The style is admirably straightforward and entirely devoid of all pretentiousness, and for the matter—well, it will suffice to say that no essential fact in the history of the borough has been overlooked.

And what a history! From the time of Henry II. until our own day the pomp and pageantry of England have centred round that small riverside town. It was from Windsor Castle that King John went forth to encounter his rebellious barons. It was within a mile of Windsor that these same rebellious barons, under the leadership of an Archbishop of Canterbury, laid the foundations of English liberty in the field of Runimede. It was at Windsor, in 1348, that the Order of the Garter was instituted, concerning the origin of which, by the way, there has been much fruitless controversy. This is Sir Richard Holmes's opinion:

It is highly probable that this circular ornament represents simply the ring or circle of the Round Table, which was the original design of the King's order of chivalry, where all members are equal, and none sat in a seat more exalted than another.

At Windsor Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III., died, and Edward the Black Prince was married. At Windsor, too, in the succeeding reign, Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed superintendent of the repairs of St. George's Chapel. It was in Windsor Castle that James I., the poet-king of Scotland, was imprisoned, and here "The King's Quair" was written, recording an adventure which befell the amorous prince:

And therewith cast I down my eyes again,
And walking, as I saw, beneath the tower
Full secretly new coming her to pleyne
The fairest and the freshest youthful flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which surprise so sudden, did astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.
And though I stood abased then a lyte
No wonder was, because my wits were all
So overcome with pleasure and delight,
Only through letting of my eyes downfall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever, of free will, for of menage
There was no token seen in her sweet face.

The lady in question was the Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset. There followed a successful wooing, and the lovers were at length married at the Church of St. Mary Overie in Southwark, now St. Saviour's Cathedral. Henry VI. of England—that most misunderstood of monarchs—was born in Windsor Castle, and fifty years later in Windsor Castle was murdered.

Henry VIII. was a great lover of Windsor, and here he hunted, feasted, and entertained on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. Philip of Spain, consort of Queen Mary, visited Windsor in 1554, and attempted to replace the Royal Arms of England with those of Spain, in which nefarious enterprise he was, happily, frustrated. At Windsor Queen Elizabeth pursued her studies under the tutelage of the learned Roger Ascham. Her proficiency has been attested by her instructor:

I believe that, beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsore more Greek every day than some Prebendaries of the Church doth read Latin in a whole weeke. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her Privie-Chamber she hath obeyed that excellence of learning to understand, speak, and write, both wittily with head and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Universities have in many years reached unto.

At the time of the Civil War the townsmen of Windsor threw in their lot with the Parliamentarians. And in 1647 Charles I., after his broken fortunes in the field, returned to Windsor, where he was placed under the strictest surveillance. The next year he re-entered Windsor as an actual prisoner. After the execution of Charles the Castle was tenanted by the Lord Protector, who appears, for some reason not to be surmised, to have treated the fabric with every respect. After a few years of tyranny, oppression, and regnant hypocrisy, unmatched in the history of England, Windsor surrendered itself to the glitter and gaiety of the Restoration. Pepys and Evelyn have both given us characteristic impressions of Windsor life in the reign of Charles II., a sovereign who, whatever may have been his domestic shortcomings, has earned the imperishable gratitude of all lovers of English scenery by his planting of the Long Walk. In 1688, when James II. was King, the Wolsey chapel was wrecked by a mob of Protestant fanatics.

George III. settled at Windsor, and devoted himself there to the life of a country gentleman, farming and breeding cattle and sheep. He was a diligent if somewhat uninstructed patron of the arts, and collected a magnificent library, which has since passed to the British Museum.

One of the most interesting chapters in the volume is that on St. George's Chapel, which, like the more famous Castle, has had a varied and eventful history. Here the body of Charles I. was interred. Wood's "Athenae Oxoniensis" gives us a most interesting account of the burial:

The King's body was then brought from his bedchamber down into St. George's Hall, whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in harsh faces being then discernible), carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall, and the Governor, with several gentlemen, officers, and attendants, came after. It was then observed—as at such time as the King's body was brought out from St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by the time the corpse came to the west end of the Royal chapel the black velvet pall was all white (the colour of innocence), being thick covered over with snow. The Body being by the bearers set down near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready, with the Service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the King his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead set forth in the Book of Common Prayer—which the Lords likewise desired; but it would not be suffered by Col. Whichcot, the Governor of the Castle, by reason of the *Directory*, to which (said he) he and others were to be conformable. Thus went the white King to his grave, in the 48th year of his age, and 22nd year and 10th month of his reign.

This volume may be commended to all those who desire to acquaint themselves with the main facts in the history of England's Royal borough. It is pleasantly illustrated by Mr. George M. Henton.

A HALF-HOGGER

The Shakespeare Problem Restated. By G. G. GREENWOOD, M.P. (Lane, 21s. net.)

WHY do people get so angry when they write about Shakespeare and Bacon? The controversialists are worse than the theologians, and with less excuse, because there are no politics in the question, and because the authorship of the plays and poems cannot affect by one jot or tittle their beauty and their significance. Yet these angry cats sit in the beautiful garden, and yowl and spit at each other till they destroy every human being's pleasure in it with their din. One side is just as bad as the other, and we do not know who began it. Perhaps it is not their fault. There seems to be something in the question which infuriates the gentlest-mannered man that takes it up. Here is Mr. Greenwood. We have no doubt at all that Mr. Greenwood, in the House of Commons and the bosom of his family, is an enlightened, refined, sweet-tempered, and benevolent gentleman. Get him on to Shakespeare and Bacon, and he spits with the best of them. He actually stoops twice in one book to taunt a well-known opponent with his Semitic origin.

Happy are those who, like the present writer, don't care twopenny which way they settle it—if they ever do. When the cats have left the garden we go and enjoy its beauties. At the same time, we have our own opinion, though we do not think it worth losing our temper or our manners for. And that opinion is not Mr. Greenwood's. Mr. Greenwood is really a whole-hogger, a hard-shell Baconian; but he is insidiously merciful enough to pose as a half-hogger till near the end of his book. What he means to do, and what he does (barring his rages) very well, is to set out the case against Shakespeare. It is a pretty strong case, of course; it always was. But Mr. Greenwood adds nothing new to it. All he does is to collect everything that every one else has said on his side and pitch it all as strong as he can.

The pity of it is that he pitches it all much too strong. Stratford, we know, was a dirty town and an illiterate town. Is there any authority for saying that it was any dirtier than the other towns from which our Elizabethan poets sprang? And as to the question of its illiteracy, Mr. Greenwood, in pouring scorn on the grammar-school, forgets that Henry VIII. had robbed the guild of its revenues, and that Edward VI. restored some of them. The result would naturally be that, while the older generation was illiterate, the younger, coming at a time when education took a great stride forward in England, were much better taught. Shakespeare left school early (it is for Mr. Greenwood to prove, in defiance of tradition, that he never went to school at all), and was apprenticed to his father; he came to London and held horses at the Theater. That does not prove that he did not make the best use of his time at school, that he did not continue to study as best he could at home, and contrive to go on learning when he came to London. "Fancy William Shakspeare a schoolmaster!" says Mr. Greenwood somewhere. It is as easy to fancy him that as a butcher. He would not need much learning to teach boys the three R's. Why should not that have been more congenial to him than killing calves? And when we get him to London holding horses at the Theater, and taken on in time as a "servitour," Mr. Greenwood's knowledge of theatrical circumstance then and now leads him into a difficulty. He imagines that these arduous duties would take Shakespeare all his time, unaware apparently that plays were not acted every day, and that even actors have contrived to educate themselves under the far more strenuous conditions of the later stock companies on tour. It is all very well to put in sneers about "pale-faced students in Chattertonian garrets;" but that is not argument. He might have been a red-faced student, like old Jonson himself, who certainly did not stop learning when he left school.

It is difficult, of course, to see how the Stratford boy can have learned all that the author of the plays and poems knew. But, although Stratford was a dirty town,

is it not really easier to imagine that William Shakspeare (this is Mr. Greenwood's spelling of the player's name; by Shakespeare or Shake-speare he means the author) did contrive to educate himself than it is to imagine that these plays were written by some great courtier who wished his name concealed, and *that the secret was kept*? And not only kept, but bolstered up by an elaborate series of lies, in which the publishers, the players, the authors, the polite world and everybody joined? Granted that a courtier might probably wish to conceal the fact that he was writing for the public stage, why should he deny the poems? Mr. Greenwood says that there is no evidence to connect William Shakspeare the player with William Shakespeare the poet. But there is no evidence that they were different, and surely some remark upon the coincidence of names would have been made. And for further difficulties we refer the reader to Mr. Greenwood's chapter xv., and invite him to remark the terrible tortures to which the plain meaning of words must be subjected in order to make them fit the theory. No; both sides have their difficulties, but surely the Baconian has the worst.

We will add a selection from the notes we made in reading the book:

P. 207.—"Such was the 'local gossip' about Shakspeare forty-six years after his death—'a natural wit, without any art at all, a boon companion, and a hard drinker.'" True; but Ward's remarks also contained the statement that "he supplied the stage with two plays every year." It is not fair to emphasise one part without the other.

P. 212-3.—"The same man could not have written 'The cloud-capp'd towers' and the verse on the tombstone. This is surely disproved by the plays themselves, in which the same man writes now above the heads of the philosophers and now right down to the groundlings."

P. 214.—Mr. Greenwood objects to Malone's mention of Shakespeare's "liberality." His theory is that Shakspeare was at once a drunkard and a miser. What Malone meant, of course, was breadth of mind, not lavishness in gifts.

P. 215.—It is unsafe to sneer at Downes, and the tradition has nothing impossible about it.

P. 295.—That booksellers put the name of a very popular playwright in the titles of plays they knew he did not write does not make that name a "convenient pseudonym" for another author to adopt.

P. 355.—We recommend Mr. Greenwood—and his authority Judge Stotsenburg—to study the edition of *King Lear* recently published for the Malone Society.

P. 363.—Are we really to believe—on the authority of Judge Stotsenburg—that even Henslowe would enter as "Perce of Exstone" the play we know as *King Richard II.*?

P. 365.—Henslowe was not "the leading theatre-manager in London." Far from it. But Mr. Greenwood has been trusting Judge Stotsenburg again.

P. 386.—"Starting with a state of ignorance in 1587" is to beg the question. Lord Penzance should have asked what Shakespeare had done with the ten years since he had (as it appears) left school.

P. 386.—He did not "take a leading part in the management and conduct of two theatres." Which two?

P. 460.—Does Mr. Greenwood really think the hyphen in "Crispinus" is an allusion to the hyphen in Shakespeare? Again, the arms of Crispinus are not in the least like Shakespeare's, and Jonson would never have missed such a chance.

P. 474.—We choose this as an instance of the word-torturing mentioned above. Jonson says, "Thou art a monument without a tomb." Shakespeare, says Mr. Greenwood, had a tomb in Stratford Church.

These, we are well aware, are but minor points. The main point is, as we have said, which, in the absence of evidence, is the more difficult hypothesis? That a young man from the country, with a mind such as the plays prove their author to have had, should have found time and means to educate himself to the point to which modern criticism has proved him to have been educated? Surely several of Samuel Smiles's heroes could match that. Or that a courtier-

lawyer-soldier-philosopher-historian should have found time and inclination not only to write plays but to tinker plays, to hang about the common stage and botch up for the managers such old plays as wanted new dressings, should take as a pseudonym the name of a horse-boy turned stage-hand, and should continue to have his secret kept in that hot-bed of gossip and *canard*, a theatre?

Following Mr. Greenwood, we have abstained from any mention of evidence from the quality and language of the plays themselves or the allusions they contain. What should Bacon know of coursing-matches on the Cotswolds?

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE

A History of the United States and its People. By ELROY MCKENDREE AVERY. Vol. IV. (Cleveland: Burrows Co.)

THE fourth volume of Mr. Avery's extensive History is concerned with the final struggle between England and France for the dominion of North America, the memories of which are being revived by this summer's celebrations at Quebec. Unlike the last, it deals with a period which is only less well known than the revolutionary epoch which succeeded, and to the student, at least, it will have little novelty or freshness. An illustration of the author's thesis (contested to the last moment by the usually perspicacious Franklin) that "the American Revolution was in the blood" is provided by Governor Clinton's unsuccessful struggle with the New York Assembly against the system of annual supplies—a struggle which terminated before the final phase of the racial contest began. Of this same Governor, Franklin tells how that, when asked for a loan of cannon on behalf of Pennsylvania, he at first "refused peremptorily," but under the influence of Madeira "softened by degrees," so that a promise of six guns increased "after a few more bumpers" to one of ten, "and at length he very good-naturedly, conceded eighteen."

The second chapter contains a good survey of the position of the French and English in North America before the Seven Years' War, and a description of their respective relations with the Indians. In 1754 Franklin pictorially embodied the position of the colonies in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* by a representation of them as disjointed fragments of a serpent's body, subscribed with the device "Join or die!" (it is reproduced among the illustrations); but his plan of union which was adopted by the Albany Congress of that year was rejected as having "too much prerogative in it" by the provincial assemblies, and in England "was judged to have too much of the democratic." But union had been declared a necessity; and, except in England, the importance of this was taken note of by all parties.

That Canada was lost to France at least as much by the disunion and corruption of its Administration as by the prowess of its assailants appears abundantly from these pages. Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, was a man of no talent, and his malignant jealousy did its utmost to thwart the military genius of Montcalm. Worse than this was the power enjoyed by officials such as Bigot and Cadet, who cheated their King and starved his American province to make their private fortunes. Retribution overtook these men after the Peace, and they had to disgorge large sums; yet Cadet at least had enough left to purchase for himself a barony.

The *habilians* were not enthusiastic on behalf of their old masters. Had it not been for the priests they might even have joined the invaders. As it was they were on the horns of a painful dilemma. If they submitted to the English their homes were burned by their own Government; if they refused to come in they were subject to the same treatment from the enemy.

The story of the great fight has been inimitably told by Parkman. Montcalm and Wolfe are its undying heroes. The immense difficulties that the great Frenchman had to face, and his longing to have done with it all, are set forth

in some detail by the American historian. In an epoch of Suffragitis it is amusing to read how the great soldier met the interference of the Governor-General's lady by having the honour to tell her that "women ought not to talk war," though it is but fair to recall also how Madame Drucour not long before had pointed French cannons for the defence of Louisbourg. Montcalm's fine defence of Ticonderoga (or Carillon) had covered him with glory before the Quebec campaign; and it is somewhat disconcerting to be told that doubts have been cast upon the authenticity of the Carillon flag preserved in the Quebec seminary. However, our American historian is so touched by the Abbé Casgrain's legend about it that he has not the heart to leave it out.

Mr. Avery has studied the Battle of Quebec on the spot, and with regard to Wolfe's celebrated ascent of the Anse au Foulon agrees to the statement that it was "a boldly desperate rather than a physically difficult undertaking." He denies that the British General took undue risks. As to the needless precipitancy with which Montcalm has been charged, he inclines to the view that his tactics were dictated to him by the necessities of the situation. Generally speaking, the assertion that Wolfe was better as a fighter than a strategist seems justifiable, though it is not a popular one to make. Since this volume was completed two additional contributions to the history of this period have been made by Mr. Julian Corbett and Dr. von Ruville. Had the author read "England in the Seven Years' War" he would have seen reason to modify his repetition of the old story that Anson, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had to sign Pitt's orders without reading them, and would have given Admiral Saunders his due share of the kudos of the Quebec expedition; whilst from Chatham's German biographer he might have learned that Newcastle's abilities as a statesman have been unduly belittled. Had he glanced at a map he would also have discovered that Cork is not "on the west coast of Ireland." On another topographical point there seems to be some confusion. On p. 202 we are told that "the way that led from Montreal to Quebec had been cut at Lake Ontario." Presumably for Quebec should be substituted "Fort Duquesne," the reference being to the capture of Fort Frontenac.

The penultimate chapter on the Cherokee War, in which the Southern Colonies were engaged whilst the main conflict of France and England was being waged, is of no very great interest. We can well believe that, as Mr. Avery naively remarks,

The Cherokee warriors were not very sentimental when the tomahawk was red.

Neither were the provincials. Apart from this chapter the volume is much less diffusive than its predecessor. It concludes with a summary of the highly romantic Pontiac War, in which the author wisely is content to follow Parkman:

As a matter of justice to the reader of this chapter, I point the way to Parkman's volumes.

As a whole, the history is of more value for its illustrations than its text. The peculiar effluvia emanating from the paper is far from agreeable. There are several admirable maps and contemporary plans, and the coloured pictures include reproductions of Duplessis's portrait of Franklin (1782)—the only known copy—a portrait of Montcalm (from a private photograph), and several representations of British and French soldiers in the uniforms of the period. Among facsimiles of documents are the title-page of "Poor Richard's Almanack" (from the only known copy) and the first page of the *London Gazette Extraordinary* announcing the surrender of Quebec. Wolfe's private correspondence has been largely drawn upon. It is not all of it strictly relevant; but his description of the kind of soldier he wished not to be is too piquant to escape quotation:

Better be a savage of some use than a gentle, amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world. One of the wildest of wild clans is a worthier being than a perfect Philanderer.

On what occasion he gave utterance to the sentiment that he would rather have written certain lines of Gray than be the captor of Quebec is immaterial so long as he did say it.

THE SUFFRAGIST AND THE SOCIALIST

IT is impossible to read Mr. Asquith's remarks at the National Liberal Club last week without a feeling of amusement. Referring to the subject of the Education Bill, Mr. Asquith said that :

If the Government did not push on the Bill to its further stages it was because they not only hoped but believed that there were at work pacifying and reconciling forces which . . . might work out a solid and lasting settlement.

We presume that "the pacifying and reconciling forces" to which Mr. Asquith refers must be the surrender and complete "climb down" of the Government which has taken place in consequence of the thorough kicking which they have received over both their monstrous Education Bills. Certainly the Church has not budged an inch from her position, and is not going to. Mr. Asquith went on to his precious Licensing Bill, with which he still professes to be delighted. He regards it, we gather, as "an asset." Well, 4d. in the pound is an asset of sorts. If Mr. Asquith is satisfied with the effects produced in the country by his foolish Bill, those who are opposed to his policy will not grudge him the innocent pleasure of that satisfaction. In just the same way Socialists are always gloating over the "enormous progress that Socialism is making in the country," in spite of the fact that they could muster only 276 votes out of 10,681 at Manchester the other day, and in spite of the fact that their cause is so discredited that even their own newspapers write in this strain :

There is evidently a great slump in the election enthusiasm of the moment. Less than half of the cost of the Dewsbury and Montrose bye-election outlay has been raised. Unless, therefore, the branches make up and recuperate the fund the fighting power of the party will be seriously crippled.

We learn from our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has lately been doing good work in exposing the fallacies and follies of Socialism, that the Social Democratic party has for months been appealing for 20,000 shillings for its campaign fund, and that only just over a quarter of the amount has been raised. This would not be our idea of "making enormous progress in the country;" but different people look at things from different points of view, and we have never met a Socialist yet who has not assured us that the advent of Socialism was "only a matter of time." The same phenomenon is found in the case of the Suffragettes. Wherever they go they arouse scorn and contempt and hostility, no less among women than among men. The police have had on many occasions a hard task to protect them from the anger of the crowd. During the recent bye-election in Shropshire a party of them who attempted to interrupt a meeting were, without ceremony, then and there subjected to the old-fashioned form of nursery discipline, which is, in our opinion, exactly what is most suitable for them. And yet, according to their own account, their cause is in a most flourishing condition, and their peregrinations through the country have been one long triumphal progress. There is, of course, a certain similarity between the sound which is produced by clapping the hands for applause and the sound which accompanies what is generally described as "a good spanking." But it is unusual for the victim of the spanking to be deceived into thinking that he or she is being made the object of a favourable demonstration. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of becoming a Suffragette there is apparently no limit to her powers of self-deception.

We of course recognise the difference between the Suffragettes who represent the rowdy, bell-ringing, meeting-breaking-up element and the other female Suffragists who desire to attain their ends by constitutional means. We have no sympathy with the object of these latter, but we can at least congratulate them on the fact that they have somewhat tardily and half-heartedly disassociated themselves from their less reputable sisters. It must here be observed parenthetically that at the meeting at the Albert Hall which took place after the

procession Lady Henry Somerset, one of the leaders of the Suffragist movement, publicly admitted that she approved of the methods of the Suffragettes and sympathised with them. So that it is abundantly clear that, whatever may be said in other individual cases, Lady Henry Somerset is, on her own confession, absolutely unfitted to have a vote. No person who approves of and sympathises with riotous breaches of the peace and vulgar rowdiness is fitted to have a vote. We are not surprised at Lady Henry's sentiments; they are precisely what we would expect from her, and we are grateful to her for thus frankly demonstrating to the whole world that a woman may be what is called a great lady, possessed of much wealth and property, and devoting most of her life to "good works," and yet by reason of her feminine mind be utterly unfitted to be trusted with the power to assist in making the laws of the country. It would be impossible to find a better object-lesson than that which is provided by Lady Henry Somerset, for precisely the reason that she has almost everything which should qualify a person for the vote. She is a lady of superior education and intelligence; she has spent most of her life in endeavouring, according to her rather limited lights, to benefit other people less fortunate than herself; she possesses, moreover, a stake in the country in the shape of large property. Why, then, should she not have a vote while her coachman and her gardener have votes? The answer is simply: because she is a woman. It is a good and sufficient reason, and it will be observed that Lady Henry Somerset cannot open her mouth at a public meeting without abundantly justifying that ancient and wise provision of the law which debar women from the franchise.

However, the bulk of the Suffragists do not approve of and sympathise with the methods of the Suffragettes; at any rate they are sufficiently well advised not to say so publicly—and on this we may heartily congratulate them. Still, some of their methods are not very creditable. For instance, on the morning of June 13th there appeared in the *Standard* a letter signed "Caroline E. W. H. Gordon," in which Mrs. (or Miss) Gordon protested against the inscription on one of the banners of the Suffragist demonstration of the names of her great-aunt, Miss Caroline Herschel, and Mrs. Somerville, with whom she was personally acquainted :

To think of the names of two such noble women being paraded through London in such a cause is very bitter to all who love and revere their memories.

So writes Mrs. Gordon. We cordially agree with her that it is an outrageous thing that a body of no doubt well-meaning people, who are regarded by most sane men and women as more or less mischievous cranks, should have the effrontery to write on their ridiculous banners the names of dead women who would have heartily disapproved of and condemned their propaganda. It is doubly outrageous when this is done in spite of and in direct defiance of the wishes of the surviving relatives and friends of such women; and what rhyme or reason have they for parading the names of Angelica Kauffmann, Mrs. Siddons, Jenny Lind, and other distinguished women? We think it exceedingly improbable that these gifted ladies would have cared to make themselves look ridiculous by walking about the streets with banners, to an accompaniment of jests and laughter from a mildly-amused crowd. The female Suffragists who organised the "great demonstration" last Saturday are, we gladly admit, free from the blatant vulgarity and rowdiness of the more militant Suffragettes, but they are sadly lacking in sense of humour and sense of decorum. No doubt we shall be assured by their supporters and victims that last Saturday's "great demonstration" is a conclusive proof that the cause of Women's Suffrage is making "enormous progress in the country." As a matter of fact it proves nothing at all. It is a perfectly simple thing for any band of cranks in this country to get up an agitation about any mortal thing, and if they are prepared to make sufficient noise and to spend a certain amount of money they are certain to attract a great deal of notice. Any one who wished to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

Shrimps, and to make the prevention of cruelty to shrimps a burning question of the day, would have an easy task. If he did not grudge the expense he could easily organise a demonstration and obtain the services of several hundred charming young ladies, dressed in appropriate costumes, to carry banners with inscriptions setting forth the brutality and heartlessness of mankind towards shrimps. There is no doubt that any such demonstration would be widely noticed in the papers, and that large crowds of curious people would flock to witness it. But it would prove absolutely nothing. There is no sign whatever that any serious change has taken place in the opinion of the people of this country, male and female, as to the advisability of giving votes to women. The country is dead against it, as it always has been, and, we trust, always will be. At present, unfortunately, the leading organs of public opinion seem to be unable to pluck up the courage to say what nearly every one thinks. They are waiting apparently to see which way the cat is going to jump, and in the meanwhile they are afraid to commit themselves. A notable exception to this silly and feeble-minded state of opinion is supplied by the *Standard*, which is perhaps the most ably edited of our London daily papers. The *Standard* has recently made up its mind against Woman's Suffrage, and is not afraid to say so. THE ACADEMY, of course, made up its mind on the point a long while ago, and it has no intention of changing it. We are convinced that in making our protest against the Women's Suffrage movement we are supported by all that is best and sanest of the opinion of the women of this country. Englishwomen are the finest women in the world—the most beautiful, the sweetest, the most virtuous, the kindest, and withal the most level-headed—and they don't want to vote or to descend from their pedestals into the sordid arena of politics. All the talk about the progress of the movement for Women's Suffrage is pure bluff; it is like the bluff of the Socialists, who can't raise a few hundred pounds for their election expenses, and it is like the bluff of Mr. Asquith, whose Licensing Bill has made it almost impossible for a Liberal to hold even a "safe seat" anywhere except in Scotland, which is not affected by the Bill. Bluff is, unfortunately, a very important factor in American politics; but in England we have, broadly speaking, never been bullied or imposed on by it.

There is one significant feature of Saturday's demonstration which must be insisted on again and again. It is the open alliance which exists between these misguided women and the Socialists. The demonstration was quite as much a Socialist demonstration as a Suffragist demonstration. The route of the procession was lined with Socialists, a bodyguard of Socialists followed the demonstrators, and any attempt on the part of the casual looker-on to criticise or express disapproval was drowned by Socialist cheers. The proceedings ended, cynically enough, with the singing of "God save the King;" but during the whole course of the march the Socialists sang "The Scarlet Banner" and the "Marseillaise," and gave repeated cheers for "the Social Revolution." Many of the most prominent women who took part in the procession are rank Socialists at heart, though most of them find it more convenient to call themselves "Liberals." The whole movement for giving votes to women is rooted in Socialism, in Atheism, in Revolution, and in brazen defiance of the laws of Nature and the laws of God. Most of the rank and file of the women who have been seduced into taking part in it are innocent enough; they have not the least idea of the deadly significance of their action. They are dupes and victims. A great many of them doubtless simply joined the procession "for the fun of the thing," and from a harmless and natural feminine desire to attract the attention of men. But behind and within the movement are revolution, anarchy, and disloyalty. It is our firm belief—and it will take a great many carefully-organised "great demonstrations" to alter that belief—that the character of the English people has not changed. Let the Socialists and the Suffragists, male and female, rage never so loudly, the people of England will have none of them.

"SAD HAPPY RACE"

I MUST say at once that in treating of the actor and of certain matters pertaining thereto I have no intention of falling into the pit that Mr. Upton Sinclair dugged for himself. This ingenuous American, it will be remembered, desiring to call attention to the wretched and horrible condition of the people who work in Packingtown, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., wrote a book called "The Jungle." *Per accidens*, and in addition to his denunciation of the shocking conditions under which labour putrified and died in the service of the Tinned Meat Magnates, he described the nauseous and disgusting manner in which nauseous and disgusting food was prepared for the market; and the result was exactly that which might have been expected. We, his readers, were prepared to hear all about the misfortunes and miseries of the poor Slav, and the unhappy Swede, and the down-trodden labourer, generally with perfect equanimity. In our own happy land there are workpeople who are perhaps not quite so comfortable as they would like to be, who are forced to live in poisonous slum-settlements and to pursue trades which mean degradation and early death; and so we were ready to suppose that something of the same kind might happen in America. Still, one can always fall back on Providence and Smiles and the Blessings of Civilisation; and if the worst come to the worst it is usually safe to say that the author must be guilty of gross exaggeration. It is quite strange how we all hate to be told the plain hard truth about anything. I remember the late Dr. Traill, an amiable man, and in many ways an excellent critic, being intensely irritated by a book called "Tales of Mean Streets." This book merely said quite gently, using grey when scarlet would have been permissible, that the great majority of the London poor live under horrible and barbarous and soul-destroying conditions. I think Dr. Traill must have known in his heart that this was true; but he hated to be told this truth.

But Mr. Sinclair made, as I say, the great blunder. Any little notice that his book might have brought to the poor folk of Packingtown was nullified once and for all by the larger matter of our own stomachs. Any horror that we might have had to bestow on the fate of the characters was swallowed up in the more important question, "Have we eaten tinned rat—and other things—for luncheon?" And there was an end of Mr. Sinclair's fair design.

I am not going to share his fate if I can help it. I am perfectly well aware that my readers do not care two straws whether actors are humbugged, swindled, "done down," bullied by vague threats into silence and submission; and to the general public it is of course a matter of complete indifference whether certain theatres offer the player the handsome choice between death by typhoid, pneumonia, or electrocution. Between four and five years ago, at the Borough Theatre, Stratford, I had the pleasure of seeing an actor surrounded by blue flames, and our electrician assured him that he had had a narrow escape. These trifles are nothing in themselves to the public; and if I dwell upon them, and on others like them, it is because I wish to point a moral. The moral is that the miseries of the artist are likely to be reflected directly or indirectly in his art: and I hope the deduction is clear. If acting is, in the main, an uncomfortable, precarious, underpaid, ill-treated, sweated business, then the best people will be kept out of it, and consequently the performances will suffer, and therefore the public will miss several laughs and agonies that more competent players could have given them. Moreover—and this touches Londoners nearly—if from one reason or another the provincial theatres do not afford a good school, then London acting will deteriorate, and cultured, wealthy, and intelligent audiences will be brought within measurable distance of boredom. I am sure everybody will agree with me that this would be

a dreadful catastrophe; and I want to make people see that it must be averted at any cost—even if actors have to be conceded some of the privileges and immunities of bricklayers and chimney-sweeps. If you engage a sweep to exercise his art on three chimneys for eighteen-pence, and then put it to him that he might be a good chap and do the kitchen chimney as well "to oblige" (and for nothing), the man would jeer and depart. You do not say that you will send round a circular to every householder in the parish pointing out that he is "a troublesome sweep to have in the house;" and if you did, he would still jeer. In analogous circumstances the actor would tremble and obey.

I see that my subject is being developed by the way of digression; but I do not know that this is of much consequence. However, an effort to keep on the straight line of thought shall be made; and, to begin at the very beginning, one wonders whether acting is an art at all—even in its highest manifestation—in the work, for example, of Kean the First. For my part I cannot think that even the impersonations of such a man as Kean could have deserved the title of art in its true sense—unless he who reads the poem beautifully is as great an artist as the poet who wrote it. This surely were an intolerable conclusion; the maker must stand on a more exalted plane than the interpreter; and Bach must be for ever higher, even immeasurably higher, than the most skilled player of his fugues. And so the play and the playwright—if one be real art and the other a true artist—must always be far above the players. Indeed there is a sense (Lamb has pointed this out in speaking of *King Lear*) in which the great play meditated on is a far finer thing than the play seen, as *natura naturans* is greater than *natura naturata*. The play acted has gained in distinctness, but it has parted with a whole heaven of suggestion and of mystery.

It seems, then, that acting, even of the best, is not in the highest of all senses an art—for the reasons given, and for other reasons too, I think. Many people, in denying the title of art to the player's business, have alleged its fleeting, impermanent, fluid nature; the curtain falls, and only memories remain. I was urging this argument once to an actor, and he gravelled me by asking what title I should give to a painter whose work was splendid but faded out of sight in a few seconds. I should have answered that an analogy to a thing non-existent and inconceivable did not apply, and, further, that, even admitting the possibility of such a transient art of painting, the analogy was bad. The actor never shows us a complete picture; he does a series of lightning sketches, each disappearing to give place to another; there is no total and simultaneous impression. The circle is barely suggested by a succession of segments; it is never *totus* and *teres*.

Acting, then, may be considered as an artistic craft, and it so far partakes of the artistic matter that in its high grades the faculty for it must be innate; no lessons, no experience, will make a great actor out of a man who lacks the inborn gift. Conversely the great actors will rise from the darkest and foulest pits of evil circumstance; they will surge up out of tenth-rate melodrama companies and out of a Dramatic Academy. Of these we do not presume to treat in this place; our business is rather with the clever and competent craftsman, the man who is always to be relied on for "a good show," for an intelligent and lively demonstration of the character that he represents. This is the sort of actor whom circumstances can produce or exterminate. At present circumstances seem to be exterminating him; and I have pointed out that his absence will affect the theatre-going public. Not very long ago there was a Shakespearian production at a well-known theatre, and more than one critic remarked that, with very few exceptions, the whole company seemed ill at ease in Shakespeare, and more especially in the speaking of blank verse. In an orchestra I am told that it is most desirable for all the instruments, without exception, to be played in time and in tune. However good the leader may be, the whole effect is said to be deplorable if the other violins are uncertain, the flutes flat, the trombones

sharp, and the bassoon-players just beginning to learn their business. Perhaps something remotely analogous to this state of things may sometimes be found on the boards of very creditable theatres.

And here, by the way, is one of the great causes of the ordinary competent actor's decline. If it is believed that people go to see one man or one woman, or perhaps a man and a woman together, and that it doesn't matter how the other parts are played, then evidently it will not be worth while paying good wages to good actors, and by consequence good actors will starve and die out. The logical end of this system would be for one or two players to give the whole play between them to the accompaniment of splendid revolving scenery. At intervals richly-clad supers at 2s. a night would rush on and do something brisk and exciting while the stars rested their voices. If the public wish for such a state of things there is nothing more to be said; but if they want to see a play played as a whole, then competent players must be engaged down to the smallest parts. The small-part actor is a negative but necessary person; he cannot, save in rare circumstances, do any good either to the play or to himself, and in nine cases out of ten the audience is not consciously aware of his existence. Yet he is a part of the picture, and though he may do no good by his competence, he can do an infinite deal of harm by his incompetence; he can be the one false note in the harmony, ruining the whole effect. Well, if this average actor-man that we are discussing is to be kept in existence, his life must be made tolerable and (under our present commercial dispensation) he must be paid decent wages.

I am afraid that no efforts, but merely time and circumstance, can do anything to mend one of the greatest evils in the matter of the stage. So long as hundreds of provincial towns prefer absurd blood-and-thunder "dramas" to decent plays, ancient and modern, so long will thousands of actors be trained in a very bad school, in a rubbishy method of enacting rubbish. There is no help, I say, for this. So long as melodrama pays, so long will it be produced; so long will the players be taught to practise a series of absurd conventions found to be effectual in "getting rounds." Only at rare intervals can a competent recruit be gained from such a field as this; only a strong man can go through a course of undiluted blood and remain unaffected by it. But other woes are not beyond remedy—if only the players will look to it. Take, for example, the ordinary touring contract. You have an interview with the manager, and he tells you that the tour will be one of twelve weeks. On this consideration, amongst others, you name the salary you require, and later a list of the towns to be visited is given you with your contract. There is, then, a convention on both sides that you are to be in receipt of so much a week for three months, and you pretend to believe that this is so. But you know very well that it is not so. Your contract will be found to be terminable at a fortnight's notice on either side; you are not engaged for three months at all, but for a fortnight, with a fortnightly option of renewal and a fortnightly liability to dismissal. Fair to both parties? It is nothing of the kind. I know of two cases in which actors, for one reason or another, gave the notice in question. In the first case the actor was told to go, and never to dream of applying to that management for another engagement; in the second the manager told the player (a beginner) that if he persisted he would be posted in managerial circles and his career ruined. But what happens when the case is reversed—when the manager gives notice to the actor? Well, the latter goes home and starves, or gets another engagement, as the case may be. In fairness he ought to be able to say to his manager: "If you persist I shall denounce you to the Actors' Union, and no decent actor will work for you." The manager would be vastly amused. There is an Actors' Union—with a membership of eight hundred or thereabouts. Actors tell me that they are artists, and as such they do not care to be classed with low, common working-men; so they stay outside their Union. When the low fellows in question work

overtime they get extra pay, and, I think, on an advanced scale; the proud artist does his overtime—or *matinée*—usually for nothing, rarely for half-pay. It is not at all uncommon for a whole company, who have been engaged for a nominal three months, who have rehearsed, gratis, for a fortnight, to see "the notice" go up at the end of six weeks, which means that the management has robbed them of a month's pay. It is not at all uncommon for the stroller to be confronted with an announcement that "the date of November 1st-7th has not yet been filled in"—which signifies the docking of a week's wages, in spite of the fact that the tour-list contained the line: "November 1st T. R., Mudflat." This practice, I believe, is illegal, and the salary in question would be recoverable at law; but of what use is the law to the actor? He may win his case and secure his pound or two, and be regarded ever after as "a troublesome man to have in a theatre." It is not to be wondered at that he grumbles in his dressing-room and does nothing. Still, of course he has the comfort of knowing that he is an Artist, not a working-man; so he stays outside the Union. And all this, as I have said, does not tend to attract the average capable man into the profession; and by remote consequence when Shakespeare is produced at a big London theatre the performance is a duologue—sometimes even a monologue.

And there is another cause that leads to this melancholy end: that is, the practice of putting raw beginners and moneyed boobies into small parts, and sometimes, one is afraid, into quite considerable parts. Naturally the result is ruinous; the booby spoils his part and does his best to spoil the whole play, and all the while he is keeping a man of experience out of a living. In Utopia managers will agree together that this practice shall cease; in London it will continue and performances will get more ragged and incompetent, and the good craftsman will become scarcer, till the general public signifies in some way or another that it is displeased with the result. There are many reasons why the music-halls flourish at the theatres' expense, and perhaps one of them is that the music-hall "artistes," with few exceptions, know their business. An evening at a good "hall" does not mean "Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, supported by a large company of Idiots and Incompetents." I have heard of a manager who was very proud of a Wall which was made of Real Bricks; it would be better to boast of a company composed of Real Actors.

Players, in spite of their miseries and misfortunes, are in the main good-tempered folk; they grumble and bear it if they cannot always grin and bear it. So it is only fitting that the recital of a few of their woes should end on a more cheerful note. I have been waiting for the last few weeks for a certain article in the daily or weekly Press—and that article is the fit eulogy of Mr. F. R. Benson's company from the pen of some competent Bensonian veteran. The article has not appeared—or, at any rate, I have not seen it—and so I make bold here to consecrate a little space to the man who has done more for the craft of acting than all other managers put together. The other managers—one does not blame them—are not in the business "for their health;" they are more or less obedient to the maxim endorsed by that great literary authority Mr. Arnold Bennett—*Money Talks*; and many of them have well deserved the success that they have attained in the commercial order. But for the last twenty-five years Mr. Benson has both preached and practised the better gospel of the craft for the craft's sake; at one time and another he has produced almost all the plays of Shakespeare, and with but slender means he has surpassed the West-end managers in accuracy and historical knowledge, if not in material splendours and in "real velvet" at twenty-five shillings a yard. I once heard a dialogue between the antiquarian adviser of a fashionable theatre and an old Bensonian, the latter being not only an actor, but a sound authority on heraldry and costume. The antiquary was scoffing at the idea of Mr. Benson producing a certain piece which this person had decorated and costumed in town. "How can Benson dress such a play?"

said the antiquary. "He will dress it in the costume of the period," answered the old Bensonian—"not in dresses fifty years after date, like yours."

But Mr. Benson has excelled in more important paths than these. He has just celebrated the twenty-fifth birthday of his company, and he may reflect with pleasure on the fact that during all this time he has kept the best possible school of acting that England has possessed, or is likely to possess. I have heard that somewhere in London there is an "Academy" of Acting—a place with professors and lectures and such apparatus, a place where well-to-do beginners can be coached in a special part, taught to "parrot" Hamlet (let us say) for thirty shillings a week; a procedure which saves the touring manager money, and is of course greatly to the benefit to the whole profession. Mr. Benson has not such high pretensions; he does not profess to turn out dramatic geniuses to order, and when I had the honour of entering his company he had neither lectures nor professors. But the man who started his career with Mr. Benson in the old days learned the craft in the only possible way: he began at the bottom, he "walked on" for about a year, he was entrusted with a line or two, he was given a small part, he was given a larger part, as his ability and readiness deserved. A clever young fellow at special seasons, such as the Stratford Celebration, might be called on to play (say) twelve minor and varying parts in the course of a week; it is scarcely necessary to compare such a school as this with the work of "Academies," with the three or four parts in the year that the young actor has the chance of playing in the ordinary run of the profession. And not only is such a diverse experience of the utmost—of incalculable—value in the formation of a sound, well-trained actor; but the method employed was (and I have no doubt is) whole heavens above the ordinary stage-management to which the beginner is usually subjected. Under the system to which I have alluded—the system of "Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, supported by a large company of Idiots and Incompetents"—it is a question of drilling inexperienced people into automata; their speech is measured, their gestures are measured, their stations on the stage are chalked out for them. Indeed, this is the only way, when Thirty Shillings is doing the work of Five Pounds. But Mr. Benson, who has the passion of Shakespeare, expects his company to cherish something of the same ardour in their breasts, to think for themselves, to watch the work of their elders, to bring something of the freedom of Nature and of life on to the boards, to be men and women, not things that have been wound up by the puppet showman, that can always be depended to be on a certain square at a certain moment, and to waggle the little finger of the left hand according to careful instructions at a given cue. There is no company where the necessary technique is so thoroughly taught; but it is a technique of general principles and of general application, and no matter of a certain gesture or a certain tone prescribed without reason given for a certain line, and repeated mechanically without feeling and without intelligence. Before I knew anything about the stage I met an actor who spoke with authority; he had played (I think) one part for five years in *Charley's Aunt*. "The Bensonians," he said, "are capital fellows and good athletes, but they can't act." I believe that it is only necessary to think of certain names now honoured on our London boards to decide that this gentleman was an Ass.

For my part I wish to take leave of Mr. F. R. Benson and of his company in the words of The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha:

"God speed you, good people; keep your festival, and remember, if you demand of me ought wherein I can render you a service, I will do it gladly and willingly, for from a child I was fond of the play, and in my youth a keen lover of the actor's art."

ARTHUR MACHEN.

REPRINT FROM "THE NATION"

POSSIBLY the simplest criticism of Mr. John Galsworthy's new book, "A Commentary" (Grant Richards), is contained in the title of the present article. Mr. Galsworthy has for some time past been supplying *The Nation*, which is a six-penny weekly Liberal review, with brief fictional sketches of a character presumed to be acceptable to the Liberal mind. When one looks closely into these sketches as reprinted in the volume before us one is appalled. For Mr. Galsworthy's book makes it quite plain that the Liberal mind is a sour, dour, superior affair, full of kinks and ill-disposed to mankind at large. We find Mr. Galsworthy writing here in the harshest, most strident, and most exaggerated manner about matters which he himself admits that he does not understand. We find him posing as a helper of the poor and as a sympathiser with the pains of life. Yet all the time one feels that his sentiments are of a bitter and almost brutal kind, and that if the saviours of the poor are to come out of the ranks of the John Galsworthys of this world, heaven must help the poor. Mr. Galsworthy writes himself down as being utterly devoid of charity. Such lack, of course, is common among rabid Liberals, and Mr. Galsworthy has had to write to please them; for we will never believe that any man who trails a pen can mean in his heart what Mr. Galsworthy professes to mean. If it were the poor alone whom Mr. Galsworthy hated one might forgive him a great deal, because though unbecoming in a polite writer hatred of the poor is a quite common human Liberal feeling. But Mr. Galsworthy hates the middle classes and he hates the upper classes. That is to say, he hates, or professes to hate, mankind in the English lump. If you are happy in whatever walk of life you happen to have been placed Mr. Galsworthy has a profound contempt for you. If you are unfortunate or unhappy Mr. Galsworthy is equally contemptuous. The men and women on the British part of this footstool are entirely loathsome objects in the proud Liberal eye of Mr. Galsworthy. The poor man of Mr. Galsworthy is a loose-lipped, weak-chinned, knock-kneed, hopeless, battered, inept wastrel, or a beery, leery, hog-voiced wife-beater. Mr. Galsworthy's poor women have either to be sheltered from their husbands through the kind intervention of Mr. Galsworthy, or they are wicked trulls who ruin their husbands' lives. Mr. Galsworthy's middle-class man and woman happen to love one another and to love their children. For most people this would be sufficient; but it is not good enough for Mr. Galsworthy. He fleers and jeers at the ordinary decent life that a man and his wife may lead in London, without so much as making the smallest suggestion as to how they are to better it, or as to what kind of life he would have them lead. Probably because the man does not concern himself in the pragmatism of the homes of wife-beaters, and because the woman does not array herself in gaudy scarves and whoop round the town on Suffragist wagonettes, they are persons to be contemned from the high, Galsworthian Liberal point of view. Anyway Mr. Galsworthy cannot say an assuring word for them, and he is angry at their happiness. Then for the woman of fashion he has a savage dislike, which might appear to have been instilled into him at a Socialist Sunday-school. Here is Mr. Galsworthy's way with the woman of fashion:

Resented while you gathered being; brought into the world with the most distinguished skill; remembered by your mother when the whim came to her; taught to believe that life consists in caring for your clean, well-nourished body, and your manner that nothing usual can disturb; taught to regard society as the little ring of men and women that you see, and to feel your only business is to know the next thing that you want and get it given you—*You have never had a chance!*

You take commands from no other creature; your heart gives you your commands, forms your desires, your wishes, your opinions, and passes them between your lips. From your heart well up the springs that feed the river of your conduct; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. Each year when April comes, and the earth smells new, you have an odd aching underneath your corsets. What is it for? You have a

husband, or a lover, or both, or neither, whichever suits you best; you have children, or could have them if you wished for them; you are fed at stated intervals with food and wine; you have all you want of country life and country sports; you have the theatre and the opera, books, music, and religion! From the top of the plume, torn from a dying bird, or the flowers, made at an insufficient wage, that decorate your head to the sole of the shoe that cramps your foot you are decked out with solemn care; a year of labour has been sewn into your garments, and forged into your rings—you are a breathing triumph!

You live in the centre of the centre of the world; if you wish you can have access to everything that has been thought since the world of thought began; if you wish you can see everything that has ever been produced, for you can travel where you like; you are within reach of Nature's grandest forms, and the most perfect works of art. You can hear the last word that is said of everything, if you wish. When you do wish, the latest tastes are servants of your palate, the latest scents attend your nose—*You have never had a chance.*

This is the merest, shallowest, and most hackneyed kind of nonsense, written brainlessly and without understanding, and full of the falsehood of extremity. Yet it is characteristic of Mr. Galsworthy that he commits himself in this way on almost every page of his book. In point of fact, he has no outlook upon life that may be said to be his own. He sees his costermonger and his peeress through the spectacles of the countless malcontents who have screamed before him in obscure journals with a purpose. It is the cant of these journals that the lower orders are utterly debased and the upper classes utterly worthless and depraved.

If we are to believe such prints, the only righteous people on the earth wear red ties and floppy costumes, and get together a precarious livelihood by contributing to *The Nation* and the *Daily News*. All other English people whatsoever are outside the pale. Their loves are wrong, their hatreds are wrong, their ambitions are wrong, their comfort is wrong, their religion is wrong, and they really have no business to be alive. Mr. Galsworthy is constitutionally incapable of comprehending goodness and happiness. He is incapable, too, of perceiving that the ultimate management of mankind is really not his affair. He puts before you a miserable, anæmic, downtrodden woman, whose husband beats her religiously every Saturday. These beatings the good woman takes complacently and without protest. If Mr. Galsworthy knew anything about wife-beating he would make his woman fight. We doubt whether wife-beating in the sense that Mr. Galsworthy would have us think of it ever existed at all. Any policeman or any magistrate could tell him that the women who get beaten are not without talons and china-throwing ability of their own, and that still less are they without tongues and evil tempers. But if Mr. Galsworthy had ventured on the six-of-one-and-half-a-dozen-of-the-other view he would not be properly harrowing up the feelings of Liberal readers. The law has suitable stripes for the wife-beater. It is a libel on the unblessed man, howsoever degraded, to suggest that he has no bowels, and it is most certainly a libel on the unblessed woman to suggest that she has no pluck and never retaliates. The man of the lower orders smacks his wife on the same principle that he smacks other men: that is to say, because he is mentally impatient and, consequently, in no position to argue things out. It is wicked of him to hit, but when he hits hard enough he usually gets punished for it, and, what is worse, he pays his fine or suffers his imprisonment in the more or less certain knowledge that if the persons who administer the law and reprove him so unctuously for his misdeed were to be married for a day to his particular wife they might find themselves hitting hard also. Our point here is not to defend or approve of the domestic jar. But we say that if a man claims to give us life it is his bounden duty to look at and state the whole of it, and not only those portions of it which happen to suit the political propaganda of the moment. Nobody doubts that the existence of certain families in the darker portions of the country is unhappy and brutal to a degree. But to write about it bitterly and to write about it unfairly is a mistake; just as it is a mistake to write bitterly and

unfairly about existence in more enlightened and more fortunate quarters. Mr. Galsworthy apparently lives for the purpose of inducing creeps in the Liberal flesh. If I can make you shudder, he argues, I can make you support the Woman's Franchise Bill and kindred agitations for the reform—oh, that blessed word reform—of the marriage laws and the divorce laws, and in fact all the laws on the statute-book. Reform is his obsession. He neither knows nor cares what will happen when his bunch of reforms take place; his delight being in the pursuit, and not in the result. To offer such speciousness to intelligent people with a view of bringing them over to your way of thinking is at once stupid and indiscreet. It merely clouds the issue, and the clouded issue is not what we want at all. We can imagine no class of human being who can read Mr. Galsworthy's commentaries with respect or satisfaction. They must irritate even the oblique and heartless Liberal. They amount in the main to so much gross and heretical pessimism, and from whatever point of view considered, they are not proper to be read. Furthermore they have not even the excuse of cleverness.

X.

"GREY SOCKS"

WITH the charming frankness which characterises so many contemporary publicists, Mr. Hilaire Belloc informs us that his "Essays on Nothing" were written for gain. That a Member of Parliament, with all his unrivalled opportunities of turning an honest penny, should be reduced to journalism for a livelihood ought to be a signal for the long-promised Radical legislation on the payment of Members, if only to obviate such distressing necessity in the future—of Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Mr. Belloc is a vulgar coincidence: we use the adjective merely to indicate recurrence in the sense that we speak of the vulgar tongue. His existence is not the dazzling portent which he or his friends imagine; the phenomenon "is commoner than you suppose," as Mr. Michael Finsbury observed; there have been Bellocs in every age.

This is a dull little book. It leaves on you that feeling of depression following a dinner-party where a loud-voiced talker has monopolised the conversation with pointless stories from the "Memoirs of Captain Sumph," or spoilt it with inapposite interruptions and arid retort.

In Normandy, we gather from the portentous and explanatory dedication, a "jolly company," of which no doubt Mr. Chesterton *pars magna fuit*, determined, not that *they*, but that Mr. Belloc, should write about Nothing. Whether it was because they thought it was Mr. Belloc's turn, or whether they thought Mr. Belloc had written enough about Mr. Chesterton, or whether Mr. Belloc, short of cash, negotiated a sort of promissory note, we are not told. The obstetrics of the volume are only partially revealed. "What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." Real wit should flash and disappear like the kingfisher, a sudden patch of blue against the green of river bank, and even an ornithologist or the Thames Conservancy should not be able to find its nest; while humour must dance like the dragon-fly—spontaneous, unexpected, and irresponsible, with no obvious purpose. But Mr. Belloc's wit and humour are unsuccessful flying-machines constructed on the "heavier-than-air principle," very clever, very ingenious, and destined to circumnavigate St. Paul's with *éclat* on a fine day, and doomed to collapse on a wet one. Some one else may do the same thing or something better; the principle is too scientific; you can hear the

impatient beat of the "peccant" engine and the smothered oaths of the aeronaut.

It was Thackeray who introduced the fashion among essayists of writing entirely about themselves, since there were no other subjects "made to their hands." It is a brilliant invention, or convention, when confined to the brain of competent people or backed up by an exquisite style and the possession of a whimsical and engaging personality. But all schools, it has been wisely said, come to an end with the birth of the founder, and Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton, though both very clever men, were deceived by the armour of their more eminent predecessor. Its strength was its lightness. Instead of assuming the gold paper shield, the spear of quill, and the wings of peacock feathers, they seem to have consulted Mr. Guy Laking or Mr. Seymour Lucas on their outfit. Theirs is all *papier-mâché*, solid and good enough for a season's pageant, but it has become shabby already; the damp has spoilt the cardboard windmills against which they tilted. And, though Mr. H. G. Wells goodnaturedly consented to dress up as Alice for their "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee," we have become bored. Like the spectators at a Christmas dumb crambo, we guessed the word immediately. Tableau I., Mr. Belloc adding up life, philosophy, literature, and art. Tableau II., Mr. Chesterton refusing to "vert" to Catholicism or Socialism. Tableau III., Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton talking about themselves—(1) Ad., (2) Vert., (3) Ise (I's).

It was most amusing, and the acting was quite above the average; but to repeat the performance, even for gain, with the accomplished author of the "Grey Stocking" in the rôle of Alice, and without Mr. Chesterton too, seems a rash undertaking—at least for the enterprising impresarios Messrs. Methuen and Co., whose blunders about "greatness" have of late become a little too obvious. It was the poet Webster, by the way, who prompted "the first madman" to say, "Come, let us sing a heavy note, some deadly dogged howl." Without being mad Mr. Belloc achieves the "deadly dogged howl." It seems possible that Mr. Belloc's intentions have been excellent, but he achieves what one might have expected him to achieve in the circumstances—namely, Nothing. In point of fact, this has been his little failing through life. Although he is an author to whom sundry books must be credited at the British Museum, nobody seems seriously to take him for an author, excepting, of course, the two or three other members of his own admiration society. Then, again, since he happens to be a member of Parliament, it is reasonable to presume for him some inclination towards politics. Yet nobody can consider him in the figure of a politician. For all intents and purposes he is just haziness and vapouring whichever way you regard him. This is a pity. We are in need of essayists, and we are in need of wits, and we are in need of people who will write what in them lies, even though it be for gain. Mr. Belloc tries and tries. Carlyle once wrote to a pertinacious poetaster words to this effect: "I have read your verses. There is no floor to them." This is the trouble with Mr. Belloc and the little Bellocs. They are utterly wanting in "floor."

Yet these "Essays on Nothing," from which we have wandered, for all the ostentatious modesty of their label, are big with ephemeral importance, because they are really entirely about Mr. Belloc, who "ten years ago came in the Euston Road, that thoroughfare of Empire," upon—not Stevenson, as you would imagine—but "a young man a little younger than myself." The whole thing is a Bagdad Bazaar of Bellocs; and symptomatic is that fantasy entitled "The Illness of my Muse," which suggests the irresistible conclusion that the patient's complaint was not more serious than ordinary occidental dysentery.

* *Essays on Nothing and Kindred Subjects.* By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen, 5s.)

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Rhine: its Valley and History. By H. J. MACKINDER. With Illustrations in Colour after Mr. James Jardine, Two Folding Maps, and others in the Text. (Chatto and Windus, 20s. net.)

Books written round coloured pictures are, generally speaking, of the "songs and snatches" order. This cannot be said of Mr. Mackinder's text, which, beginning with a short historical survey of the Rhine in its frontier aspect, goes on to an extremely clear division of that river into its basins as falling in present-day countries.

Some of the descriptions err, as far as keeping the reader's interest, in giving too many names, without other comment or reason than that they are on or near the Rhine—names which suggest much to one knowing the country well, but little or nothing in themselves. This would be insupportably dull if it were not for the excellence of the maps on which the many tributaries may be traced, and the course of the great river as it threads its way across Europe may be followed with ease.

The colour prints also contribute largely towards the interest, and help us wherever they occur to remember that the Rhine is not only the geographical accident of a combination of streams cutting through granite or sandstone mountains, but a picturesque (if somewhat hackneyed) background where, combined with natural beauties, one may still find towns offering their unspoiled mediæval aspect to the visitor.

The prints vary in quality to an amazing extent, the subjects which allow of a certain atmospheric treatment being by far the more pleasing. The omission of those facing pages 124, 172, and 174 would have added rather than detracted from the value of the book, which is in other respects well up to the standard of this type of publication.

Guide to Greece, the Archipelago, Constantinople, the Coasts of Asia Minor, Crete, and Cyprus. (Macmillan and Co., 9s. net.)

THE comprehensive title of this book, in conjunction with its modest size, prepares us for condensation and compression of the most rigorous kind; and we cannot help wishing that the publishers could have seen their way to dividing the "Guide" into at least three, in order that the limitations of space might not be so severely imposed upon the compilers. This much said, we have nothing but wondering praise for the amount and correctness of the information which is crowded into 226 pages of reasonably good type. The introductory sections of information for yachtsmen and of lists of hotels are wisely kept apart from the body of the book, and careful testing has revealed a high standard of accuracy, though a hint as to port dues in the larger ports might have been added. The most notable omission in the former section is that of Kyrenia Harbour (Cyprus). It is mentioned on p. 211, it is true, but, as one of the very few decent shelters for small craft on the coasts of the whole island, it was worthy of description in the special section. We cannot help noticing, however, that the process of compression has reacted most severely on Cyprus and Asia Minor, for the main interest of the "Guide" is frankly archaeological, the great museums of Athens and Constantinople, and the wonders of Troy and Knossos engage the majority of the space. The fulness and care with which these sections have been brought up to date under the best possible auspices will render the book practically indispensable to those whose taste for archaeology leads them into Greek lands. And a feature which we have not seen better carried out is the careful description of the details of Mohamedan religious observance, a study of which will enable the uninformed tourist to avoid many difficulties in his contact with Islam. But the transliteration of Turkish words has produced some irritating varieties—"Khoran," for example.

The introductory chapter on Greek Art is good, as we

should expect it to be, coming from Professor Ernest Gardner, and has been brought well up to date. Again here transliteration is not very successful. If we read the now almost pedantic "Bapheion" on one page, we hardly expect to find the very doubtful "Olympeum" on another.

In the description of Greece itself there are a few slips. In speaking of Ithaca, it is not correct to refer to "the bay of Molo or Vathy." The latter is a land-locked inlet of the former. And the "school of Homer" is not a rock-dwelling, but a built platform of late cyclopean masonry. We do not remember that there was anything either very blue or very beautiful about the "Grotto of the Nymphs." Baedeker calls it "large and damp," which, though more prosaic, is nearer the mark.

There is very little, however, in the book with which to find fault. And chief among its virtues is the fact that it is the most readable guide to the Eastern Mediterranean that we have yet found. "Guides" always suggest to us the two immortal phrases culled from guides of repute: "Oxford and Cambridge will both repay a visit. If time presses, Cambridge may be omitted;" and "A delightful walk may be taken (two hours) to the summit of this hill. Adders abound." There is nothing of that sort here.

Fox-Hunting Past and Present. By R. H. CARLISLE. (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

A USEFUL book this, in its way, because of one or two of its chapters, those on the cost of hunting and on hunting centres being the most useful, although the lore of the latter is more systematically given in the hunting directory. Some of the statistics of the present day are interesting. The keep of hunters is estimated at $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions per annum, and the 250 riding packs being out, on the average, not less than five times in a fortnight at £500 per day, at sixteen fortnights in the season make up another 10 millions. These items alone, and they are possibly not one-half of the total expense of the sport, if we include clothes, damage to crops, dinners, breakfast, hunt races, and so on, would suggest that the English people spend about as much on fox-hunting as they do on the Navy. It is probably money well laid out in health, nerve, joy, and recreation, but it is not good as literature, and, as usual, the author, who is rightly a stickler for the etiquette of the sport, forgets that grammar has its etiquette equally imperative. His notion of poetry, too, is simply debased. Poor Pegasus, wind-galled and glandered, thus flounders under his brush-brother, Mr. Wemyss:

Giants there lived in the days which have gone by,
Hounds were they better? or huntsmen? Well, well;
Keep up your standard, breed only for nose, sir,
And stoutness, of course, for one never can tell.

Will no Hugo Meynell ever arise to keep up the standard of hunting versifiers and breed them for ear?

Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope. By HORACE A. VACHELL. (Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is wrongly named. It ought to be Life in fifteen chapters and Sport in five. The former and longer part is pleasantly penned, with a ready fund of words and an easy style. But Mr. Vachell is far too sweeping in his unguarded generalisation, and he talks too condescendingly and didactically about the men of the West, and almost insolently about the women and their detestable, neglected prudens and coxcombs of children. But he makes up for it by his ruthless description of the English settlers, who think ranching simple, and have not been taught "that nothing in life is simple"—not even Bible teaching, he might have added; and so these poor fellows come badly and drunkenly to their ends. If the author had written no more than his description of the remittance-men his book deserves to be bought by all who have friends on the Pacific Slope! The only sane policy for all such, in any part of the globe, is not one penny after the first six months. A sentence like this, too, is worth attention:

Nearly all the public buildings in the West are monuments of bad faith upon the part of the builder, contractor, architect, and

those paid officials to whom the care of such important matters is assigned.

When Mr. Vachell gets away from the social malpractices of the people to the bears, ducks, and fishes he is a better companion, and he is at his best in the sea-fishing. The leaping tuna is the prince of game fishes. He is a mackerel the size of a tarpon, and meat only for the master anglers of the world. The awe and wonder of fishing for him would make even a political economist into a writer if he ever survived the rush and labour of the battle. For a hundred pounds a London man could get about two days at tuna-fishing if he were very economical, and were not too vilely swindled. He could hardly hope to gaff his tuna, but even to have engaged with him but once were better than five pounds per annum for life. And pure is his mouth, too!

FICTION

Restitution. By DOROTHEA GERARD (Madame Longard de Longgarde). (John Long, 6s.)

DEEP down in the heart of man is an ineradicable passion for melodrama, a passion which has withstood successfully the assaults of a hundred schools. Unacknowledged, or even disavowed, it is still there. Its form may vary, but its essence remains eternally the same. To-day the melodramatist has learned something from the partial failure of his immediate predecessors. He has discovered that the conventional stock-in-trade of a past generation of fiction-mongers will no longer suffice for the needs of a race that has been taught to mistrust its instincts. Hence melodrama, to be wholly successful, must now array itself in the trappings of Romance, and of late years there have been heavy demands on the faded finery of Wardour Street. There is, however, yet another expedient, and one greatly resorted to. Should the scene of your novel of melodrama be laid in foreign climes, the appeal is practically certain. The reader will then lull suspicion to sleep with the reflection that the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu. This it is, doubtless, that explains the success of such a writer as Dorothea Gerard, who has mastered the trick to perfection, and whose novels—there are some thirty in all, we believe—are among the most widely read in modern fiction.

Miss Gerard's admirers will have no reason to complain of this her latest book. Our author maintains the tradition unimpaired. "*Restitution*"—the very title hints of dark deeds done and of a price to be paid, and for those who love sensation there is full measure of it in these pages.

The heroine is one Kateryna Malkoff—known familiarly as Katya—a Russian proprietress. Katya has all that heart of woman can desire—youth, beauty, and the possession of a large estate. This estate, however, proves the fly in the otherwise satisfactory ointment, for it had been stolen from its original Polish owner and bestowed upon Katya's grandfather in return for certain important military services which are fully detailed in Part I. In Part II. Katya, having discovered by an accident that a descendant of the rightful owner is still alive, forms the somewhat quixotic resolve of marrying him, and thus restoring the estate. So, disguised as a Pole, and with a false passport, she leaves Russia for Austria, attended only by the inevitable faithful retainer. Here she meets Tadensz Swigello, a handsome and dark-bearded Pole, with whom she immediately falls in love. The reader will not be slow to divine that the handsome and dark-bearded Pole is the very man for whom Katya had been seeking. Tadensz, for his part, is equally infatuated, and there follow some very pretty love scenes. But the course of true love is destined to be violently disturbed, for, on the discovery of Katya's identity her lover falls into a passion and declares in angry accents that all is over. Thus Part III. The anticipated reconciliation is left for Part IV., in which all sorts of strange and harrowing adventures are recorded, including a midnight escape from a Russian prison, into which both Tadensz and Katya

have been thrown through the machinations of a very desperate villain. It is a satisfaction to know that the villain is cut in pieces in the last chapter but three as a meet reward for his misdeeds. The book closes with the scene of the Polish lover and his Russian bride seeking sanctuary in Austria from the rigours of Russian law. The estate appears to have been lost to both of them, but it would be treachery to doubt that Justice is not finally triumphant.

The story is told with Miss Gerard's accustomed *verve*, and it is only fair to add that the incidents are handled in the manner of an accomplished craftsman. "*Restitution*" can hardly fail to sustain a reputation worthily made and as worthily maintained.

Love's Shadow. By ADA LEVERSON. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

WHAT a delightful group of people it is which Mrs. Ernest Leverson has selected for our delight in her latest novel, and described with a lightness of touch and a sureness of observation, a sparkling wit and penetrating humour rare indeed among novel-writers. Her book is at once a joy to readers and a model to those who feel a call to write a story of modern frivolous society, of life as lived—or played, if you will—by people whose chief object is to kill time in the pleasantest way. As a rule novelists who treat of these people have a bad habit of making them out to be hopelessly idiotic or unlikelily vicious. Mrs. Leverson has no need to conceal a want of talent or invention by such subterfuges. She does not find it necessary to be foolish in order to tickle, or nauseous in order to whet, jaded appetites. She takes her characters, just such as any one may meet every day in any drawing-room, and with her observant humour—in spite, one might almost say, of her mordant wit—she makes exquisite miniatures of them, so perfect that one might be in danger of not noticing the skill, the reticence, the restraint which unite to get the effect. The story is slight, yet full of interest—just the tale of a girl, Hyacinth, who falls in love with a young man, Cecil Reeve, who imagines himself to be in love with a fascinating widow, but who finds in the end that Hyacinth was really what he wanted. In their little love story are involved a group of people who each have an interest, an individuality of their own, and who assist the central theme in a most natural and unconscious way. All the men are more or less in love with Hyacinth, but quite nicely. We know it, as we see the effect their devotion has on them; but it delights us, and it makes no one in the book miserable. Even the women are attracted by her, especially her old companion Anne Yeo, the most sensible of women in everything which doesn't concern herself. The chief subsidiary couple are "the little Ottleys," so called rather from the size of their flat and their interests rather than for physical reasons. They make a perfect picture of a *ménage* only kept satisfactory by the tact of the wife, who knows exactly how to treat her husband—a good-looking, stupid, and conceited young Foreign Office clerk. They have a child who is one of the triumphs of the book; not more life-like than its elders, but how rare is it to find a child in a novel who is the child of real life, which pleases, amuses, bores us, and scores off us by its inconsequent yet direct chatter. The cleverest man, the most tactful woman, is easily "stumped" by a child, and Archie routs his elders with the most perfect ease and the most innocent intentions. It is not too much to say that all the characters are entirely satisfactory; in a few lines the author brings them before our eyes, and they remain perfectly consistent till we take leave of them. Most of them, it must be admitted, are very amusing people; but the clever things they say are neither forced nor unreal; their verbal fencing is deadly, but not strained. And the one or two bores in the book never bore the reader. They are, indeed, as enjoyable as the clever people; their stupidity, their dullness are never allowed to make the reader feel dull or stupid. Even Raggett, whom Otley introduces to his wife and then proceeds to be jealous of, is a joy with his clumsy love-making; and Lady Cannon,

who in real life would be unbearable, is a figure of gorgeous fun. But it is not only in her character-drawing that Mrs. Levenson shows her delicious humour and powers of observation. The incidents by which the tale progresses are described with a truth which makes them echoes of every one's personal experience. The chapter entitled "Hyacinth Waits" is an excellent example of this. Lightly and delicately written, it yet has real power; it is a little tragedy which is being enacted as Hyacinth watches the clock, a tragedy we have all experienced, and it is described with a choice and economy of words worthy of Maupassant. It is just this careful brevity, in which nothing essential seems left out, which so remarkably distinguishes the author's work from the general. Her dialogue is so good, so apparently natural and yet so incisive, that much of it could be transferred as it stands to the stage. One knows that the lines would "tell," just as one feels certain that the characters would "get over the footlights." Surely there is here material for a charming light comedy. We are grateful for so brilliant an example of what can be done by delicate wit and humour playing upon characters which a less talented writer would either make heavy in the process of putting them on paper or extenuate to nothingness. Mrs. Levenson has proved herself an artist of rare quality.

Redemption. By RENÉ BAZIN. (Sisley's, Ltd., 6s.)

THE novels of M. Bazin have many thousands of readers in France, and perhaps it would not be far from the truth to say that he is the most popular French novelist of the day. If that is so, the French are more to be congratulated than ourselves, who have to look very far down the scale of writers to find our most popular authors. With us it is almost too true that the greater the writer the fewer the readers. Even Mr. Hardy, who in some ways most nearly approaches M. Bazin in his methods and aims, can hardly be called a popular author, though his admirers must form a crowd of whom any author might be proud.

"Redemption" is a translation by Dr. A. S. Rappoport of "De toute son âme," and he has done his work so well that we think it would be only fair to say that, were it not for the title-page, it might easily be taken for an original English novel. The scene of course is laid in France—at Nantes, in fact; but the essence of the story—the feelings, the aspirations, and the temptations of the group of workers round whom the plot is woven—is as much English as it is French; in any large town the same events are going on, there is the same struggle for existence, the same difficulty of escape from the perils of poverty, the same failures, and happily the same virtues. We have it from M. Bazin himself that when he first began to study the life of the young milliner for the purpose of a novel he did not know what he was going to write. He then discovered that the obstacle in the way of girls in this business marrying lies in the very nature of the business itself. Coming from the poorest homes daily, and returning to them nightly, these girls live their lives in an atmosphere which, at any rate, bears a close relation to the luxuries of life. Their instincts become so well educated that they feel a distaste for the young men with whom they might naturally marry, and they find their pleasures only too often with those whose intentions are clearly against matrimony. The sternest virtue feels the strain, which is made all the greater by the dearth of work and wages at certain seasons of the year. It is obvious that a story with this idea as a basis may be constructed—and has indeed been constructed—on many different lines. M. Bazin treats it with a truth and vigour which carries the reader on, so that the different characters take the firmest grip of his imagination; but withal there is a charity that seeth all things, and believeth all things, and hopeth all things, so that when the story, sad as it is, comes to an end, it is not the misery and vice that one remembers, but the heroism and charm of many of the characters. Pessimism is not for M. Bazin, and he, too, feels and in effect says, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never

sallies out and sees her adversary." Bad as life can be, he sees that there is much happiness and kindness and good feeling behind it all. Furthermore, there is about all M. Bazin's novels that sense of atmosphere which gives a living reality for the reader to all the scenes that he describes. One can see the streets of Nantes, its work-rooms and its quays, and the crowds pouring out of the factories, and then one can see the beautiful open country round the Loire; and who is likely to forget his account of the rising of the river over the hayfields, while the struggling peasants are trying to save their hay? The comparison must not be pushed too far, but we have the same kind of impression after reading a novel by Mr. Hardy, the feeling that we know the places well, and have actually seen the events take place. "Redemption" is a book that must give the most acute pleasure to any one who can appreciate a really great work; there must be few recent foreign novels that are more worth while introducing in an English dress, and still fewer that have suffered less in the transformation.

The Pedestal. By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 6s.)

MR. DESMOND COKE's latest novel amply sustains the promise of his three predecessors. In the person of his heroine, Ruth Fothergill, he has given us a character-study of remarkable delicacy and penetration. His analysis of motives is as skilful as it is unsparing. Yet, in spite of this unflinching portrayal of human weakness, the book is as far removed as possible from any suspicion of cynicism. Its reading operates like a tonic. There is a healthy moral tone about it as refreshing as it is rare in modern fiction. Above all, Mr. Coke has avoided the temptation, so incident to the subject, of what his inimitable schoolboys would call "pi-jaw."

Ruth Fothergill dominates the stage throughout. She is a devoted, doting mother. Left a widow at an early age, her affections are transferred to her son, who becomes indeed the sole object of her devotion. She idolises him, removes him from the companionship of other boys lest his manners should deteriorate, is (as she believes) justly proud of him. In return she requires from her offspring perfection—nothing less. It is selfishness masquerading as self-sacrifice—selfishness, unperceived and unsuspected. The test comes when the boy performs a dishonourable action, and is in consequence expelled from a public school. There are extenuating circumstances (the sympathies of the reader are enlisted from the first on the side of the culprit), but to the mother there is only a shattered pedestal. Selfishness masquerading as self-sacrifice throws off the mask, and the devoted mother appears as unjust, vindictive, and even brutal. Things are straightened out eventually through the good offices of a middle-aged bachelor who plays with some *éclat* a sort of Charles Wyndham rôle, and who claims the mother as his reward. The minor characters are recognisably true to type, and Mr. Coke displays an almost uncanny knowledge of the workings of the female mind. He has reproduced, too, with an astonishing fidelity the atmosphere of an English public school. Certainly "The Pedestal" is a novel that counts.

Ashes. By GRAZIA DELEDDA. (John Lane, 6s.)

THERE is no denying the imaginative intensity of this story. "Ashes" is, indeed, a novel that grips the reader from the outset, and that almost suffocates him by the time he has reached the concluding chapter—so relentless is the realism of the author, so terrible are the passions invoked. Oli Derios, a young Sardinian girl, had been betrayed by an unscrupulous ruffian. There is the inevitable sequel—discovery, desertion, and banishment from her father's house. The girl drifts from bad to worse, and finally abandons her child, with whose fortunes the remainder of the story is concerned. Anania finds a shelter with his father. He is a youth of fiery and passionate impulses, ardent, sceptical, and revengeful. He meets Margherita, and they love. But in the background of his memory there lurks the shameful

memory of his mother, and his life is consumed by a fear that the woman who had given him life may herself be alive. At last, after many years, he meets her. He offers her a home, but she refuses. He proves insistent, however, and the woman is lodged with an old and decrepit Sardinian widow. Anania's action leads to a rupture with Margherita, which is followed by the news that his mother is dangerously ill. He hurries to the house where she is staying, to find that she has committed suicide. Thus we leave him, overwhelmed with unavailing reproaches, forsaken by the woman whom he had loved, and with the romance of life ended for ever. Madame Deledda has projected this drama of fate against a background of warm Sardinian skies and sunsets. She has an unflinching sense of the dramatic. There is one scene in particular—it is in the first chapter—the lurid horror of which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed in the whole range of modern fiction. But one closes the book with a feeling of passionate protest against that philosophy which sees in life merely a series of denials, and in ashes the sum and symbol of human endeavour.

The Diamond and the Lady. By JAMES BLYTH. (Digby, Long and Co., 6s.)

MR. BLYTH has turned over a new leaf; instead of giving us a relentlessly realistic study of East Anglian village life—sordid, unclean, and wholly degraded—he has written a racy, exciting detective-story, full of incident and action, which rushes along at a speed equal to that of the 60h.p. car which plays a large part in the story. The scene of the story is, of course, Norfolk and the Broads, and Mr. Blyth again shows his close and intimate knowledge of the people. But as his story deals largely with "county-folk" and not with labourers, he has less occasion to elaborate unpleasant details. Still even here he misses no chances, and when his heroine is kidnapped by the villain he insists quite unnecessarily on one particular fear in the mind of her lover. This is a pity, for otherwise the book would be entirely free from any charge of bad taste.

As in most, if not all, detective-stories, the central figure is the detective. In the present book he is a retired "Yard" man, by name Millbank, who is summoned down from town by the hero, who has been robbed of his family "luck," a priceless diamond. Millbank, of course, secures the jewel, but not without great adventures and imminent risk of his life. The chase leads him to Amsterdam, and he is just in time to save it from the cutter. But, as the title shows, this is not all the story. Not content with stealing the diamond, the villain kidnaps the lady, as mentioned above. This time the chase is confined to Norfolk, and ends with a really splendid fight on the stairs of an old country house, where knives and revolvers are as freely used as in any gambling-hell in Mexico. Of course the villains are worsted and Dartmoor eventually receives them.

Mr. Blyth tells his tale well and handles his characters skilfully. The three Miss Cottinghams are quite charming studies, and his young people are natural and attractive. His villains are perhaps a little "penny plain, twopence coloured," but in a book of this type it is unkind to expect too much. The story is the thing, and of that there can be no complaint.

His Father's Wife (La Marquise de Sardes). By ERNEST DAUDET. Edited by FREDERICK MARTYN. (Everett, 6s.)

It is almost impossible to judge a foreign author's work through the medium of a translation. For how much the translator is responsible in this instance we cannot say, as we are not familiar with the book in the original; but, looked upon as an addition to English fiction, "His Father's Wife" leaves much to be desired. It strikes us as a fair example of the dullest and most sensational type of French novel—a type barely readable in French, and certainly not worth the time and trouble which a translation involves. The story is that of a foolish, inflammable

youth, who is greatly attracted by a beautiful and unscrupulous lady, who turns out to be his father's second wife—hence the title.

Zoe's Revenge. By M. Y. HALIDOM. (Greening, 6s.)

WHETHER Mr. Halidom intends to be humorous we do not know, but he writes with a certain solemnity which suggests a desire to be taken seriously. There can be no doubt that he has tried to make his reader's flesh creep, there is also, unfortunately, no doubt, that he has failed signally in his endeavour. The preposterous behaviour of Zoe, or rather of Zoe's spirit, is neither amusing, thrilling, nor convincing. Zoe, an artist's model, is strangled by her infuriated lover, who takes her body to his friend, Dr. François Emile de Corbeillac, that he may get rid of it for him. Corbeillac, having reduced the body to a skeleton, is alarmed at the curious behaviour of the bones as they lie on his table. They wriggle about and behave in so disconcerting a manner that he hands the skeleton over to a certain Herr Hoffmann, who uses it as a foundation for a very perfect lay-figure. The rest of the book is devoted to the behaviour of this doll, which, animated by the revengeful spirit of Zoe, not only moves and walks, but boxes people's ears, and ogles them with its glass eyes, while it wreathes *papier-mâché* arms about their necks. If the reader is fortunate enough to be possessed of a keen sense of humour he may derive a certain amount of entertainment from the antics of this ungainly creature.

The Edge of Beyond. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

THE "Edge of Beyond" is Rhodesia, well east of Suez, where, as every one knows, there ain't no "Ten Commandments." Miss Page has evidently caught the "kopje fever," as she calls it, and in her love for the country of great silences and distances succeeds in giving a most fascinating picture of both the land and the men and women who live in it. At the same time even the influence of Nature cannot alter a man, and *caelum non animus* is the text throughout the book. If anything, the effect of the loneliness and the self-dependence which the life enforces only serve to intensify, even to exaggerate, the man's character. "The Irresponsibles" become even more irresponsible than they were in London, and Oswald Grant becomes more of a Pharisee and a snob than he could ever have dared to be where life is more crowded and public opinion has the added force of numbers. To be ostracised in Rhodesia would be for a man like Grant only a slight increase of loneliness, but to be "cut" in London would have been a blow that his pride could never have withstood. And just as the character of the men and women become more strongly marked by the country and the life, so apparently do the comedy and tragedy. The free life and close kinship with Nature loosen the bonds of convention, and the humour of the conversation of the men and the women—especially of Dinah—becomes broader, even unrestrained. Yet though at times Dinah's wit flashes with Elizabethan or even Restoration keenness, such is the entire naturalness of the atmosphere that there is no justification for any censure. It is frank, but it is open and natural. In the same way the tragedy of the story—and there is much real tragedy in "The Edge of Beyond"—becomes more poignant because it is more direct. We see Joyce and the Doctor alone, face to face with their fate, with no conventions, no press of extraneous happenings to distract our attention. They are there, self-dependent and complete, with the eternal rocks and veldt around them, watching in silence, neither condemning nor approving. There is neither Half Rome nor the Other Half Rome, nor the *tertium quid*. Consequently we feel with them, see with them, think their thoughts, and have to fight their battle.

Miss Page has written a strong, resourceful novel. She has succeeded in reproducing the true atmosphere, and, unlike many painters of landscapes, she has the gift of painting in on her canvas figures that are true to life and are really alive.

DRAMA

"THE EXPLORER" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

WHEN *Mrs. Dot*—the last of the three plays by Mr. Somerset Maugham, all of which are still running in London—was produced at the Comedy it was whispered abroad that Mr. Maugham had still three plays in his desk that had been written before his first successful entrance as a playwright with *Lady Frederick*. *The Explorer* must be one of them—for by no stretch of the imagination is it conceivable that it can be the fruits of maturity. At any rate, there need not be the least hesitation in stating that this new play, which was produced last Saturday night by Mr. Waller, is by far the least satisfactory of any of Mr. Maugham's plays. Not that it has not some claims to respect, but it does not show the now well-known playwright either as a master of technique or as a writer of witty dialogue. Altogether this new production is on a much lower plane than anything we have yet had from Mr. Maugham. Strictly speaking, I suppose it must be described as a drama, though its second Act is perilously near melodrama, and the ethical problem on which the whole motive is based is melodramatic in the extreme, so much so that it might well help the play into competition with Sir John Collier's problem picture of the year.

There is no necessity to discuss the ethical question here, and, indeed, it is not of any great interest in itself; but the question is entwined with the career of a modern empire-maker in whom are combined all the most modern traits together with what may be called thorough "Lyrical" virtues—those virtues which Mr. Waller has made conspicuously his own. It also allows of one Act taking place in Central Africa. The other Acts are all laid in fashionable London, and are quite of the proper dramatic type, though, instead of showing a court of law, as one of them might have been, we have merely the talk and consternation, resulting from the verdict, in a West-end drawing-room. Act 3 shows the sudden fall of the hero from adulation to contempt consequent on a leader in the *Times*, and the last Act combines the inevitable tea-party with rehabilitation.

Now this is all very well, but it is not what we want and have a right to expect from Mr. Maugham. There are plenty of playwrights in England and America who can supply Mr. Waller with plays of this sort, and if there are to be revolvers on the stage, it is more satisfactory that somebody should be killed. Here no one is even badly injured, except behind the scenes; and even in the melodramatic second Act there is little but some palm trees and a tent—besides the revolver—to legitimise the scene. No, Mr. Maugham is a born writer of Comedy, and Comedy we must have—and without the African deserts. Now and then an excursion into farce may be permitted, but certainly no "legitimate drama." Even in *The Explorer* the author is striving hard all the time to get back to his Comedy, and the mixture is anything but successful; for it seemed to me that Mr. Maugham's comic muse was endeavouring to mitigate the rigours of the more sensational parts. So a great deal of superfluous though entertaining talk was the result, and more than once the subsidiary love-making of a pair of philanderers kept the audience from the straightforward passion of the hero and heroine.

Mr. Waller as the explorer was entirely suited to his part, and his entrances and his exits were punctuated by the usual volleys of cheers. A play would have to be bad indeed for Mr. Waller to fail of his applause. Mr. A. E. George acted in true comedy vein as Richard Lomas, one of the philandering pair, and the other actors were all that could be desired in their respective parts. The ladies left me quite cold. That excellent actress Miss Mary Rorke had a very poor part, and neither Miss Eva Moore nor Miss Evelyn Millard seemed to me to be capable of

what was required of them. That the play has a successful future before it cannot for a moment be doubted, for is not Mr. Waller the most popular actor of the day and Mr. Maugham our most successful dramatist?

A. C.

"VIEILLES GLOIRES" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

I AM afraid there is nothing new to be said about either M. Sardou or about M. Coquelin *ainé*. They are both *vieilles gloires françaises* of whom one must write with respect, if not with unbounded admiration.

L'affaire des Poisons—it is Sardou at his best, or at his worst, according to tastes. Here we have again all the theatrical tricks which he uses so wonderfully well, and it is not his fault if his infallible technique only serves to illustrate a rather thin and somewhat confused plot. M. Coquelin as the Abbé Griffard is the artificial link between the historical part of the play and the love interest of M. Sardou's invention. Still, in spite of his artificiality, the Abbé Griffard, who never existed at all, appears more living than all the great historical personages who shone at Versailles and St. Germain in the Louis XIV. days. Such is the power of M. Sardou's cleverness, helped by M. Coquelin's genius.

A very clever man, too, that Abbé Griffard, a nobody, nearly belonging to the class called *la canaille* by the charming and extravagant Mme. de Montespan. He does everything, masters everybody, argues with Colbert and Louvois, speaks his mind to La Montespan, protects the little lovers, escapes safe from all malicious traps, and chats with Louis XIV. with a most pleasant deferential humour. He stands out as a delightful character—a character after M. Coquelin's heart, full of strength, of nobleness, of pity, of irony, of wit—of all the qualities necessary to the hero of a drama that make the part a star part.

The Abbé Griffard has escaped from the galleys, and a dying convict friend has confided to him a terrible secret, which enables him in the following Acts to master and direct everybody. So, ingratiating himself with La Voisin, he gains her confidence and officiates, together with a lady, masked but otherwise unclothed, in a sacrilegious Black Mass; he subsequently discovers her to be Mme. de Montespan, and saves from the Bastille a Mdle. d'Ormoize, who is wrongly accused of this crime. Of course he scores all along the line in spite of La Montespan's power, in spite of Louvois and Colbert, who argue from the pedestal of *Raison d'Etat*, while the good abbé, Voltarian before Voltaire, takes as his text the cause of Humanity and real Justice as against the State, and of the individual as against monarchical despotism. Certainly if Griffard had existed there would be now in Republican Paris a *Place Griffard* next to the *Rue Louvois*; it would be only fair.

Then what happens next? He saves his own life, he saves Mdle. d'Ormoize's life, he saves the King's life, and is rewarded by the lover's happiness, a "position," as the programme says, "in the Royal library" and the applause of the crowd, the pit being particularly enthusiastic.

As a matter of fact, *L'affaire des Poisons* is a kind of historical drama without any real poisoning and without comic relief. Although the plot is weak, it is never dull, because of the variety of the incidents. The people who have not seen M. Fallières driving in Buckingham Palace Road or the winner rounding Tattenham Corner are interested in the cinematographic reproductions of these great events. As, for some good reason, we have not seen Louis XIV.'s Court, we are delighted at the cinematographic reproduction offered to us by M. Sardou. It is instructive too. One ought to see *L'affaire des Poisons*; it is far more amusing than reading heavy books of history, and it is quite true enough to enable one to talk quite cleverly about the *Roi-Soleil's* period at a lunch-table. A few pages of Grammont's *Mémoires* would be of some

help, and one should learn some anecdotes out of Saint-Simon. Then one could make a brilliant conversation with quotations from these historians. One could add a touch of modernity by comparing the Abbé Griffard to a *Sherlock Holmes sous Louis XIV.*, just as amusing, and even more funny, if fatter. Historical dramas and detective-stories go together.

And, again, we are obliged to think of M. Sardou's cleverness. Having to deal with so many people, he weaves a Gobelins tapestry gossip; and real anecdotes from the above-mentioned memoirs he uses as his threads. We are reminded of Mme. de Montespan's moods and of her Royal lover, of the smell of Versailles, of Colbert's ambition, of Louvois's harshness, of the *potins* of the foreign courts, of Mme. de Maintenon's prudery, of La Voisin's sorceries, of so many little things one had forgotten since one's schooldays. History is badly taught at school. The professors have a reprehensible habit of skipping the nice parts of Royal intrigues. M. Sardou does not make that mistake. He revels in them, and uses them for his dramatic purposes. What does it matter if he does not believe in Mme. de Montespan's guilt in the plot against Louis's life? After all, it is a trifling affair. It is more interesting to see her all dressed in gold after some painting of the period, talking to an imaginary abbé, and saying things she might have said.

So M. Sardou, historian, is as delightful as M. Sardou, dramatist, is unerring. Unhappily, in this play there are few opportunities for violent moving scenes like those in *Tosca* or in *La Sorcière*, or for amusing sketches like those in *Madame Sans Gêne*; very seldom has an author the chance of making a washerwoman present her bill to Napoléon I., and Louis XIV. does not cut a particularly brilliant figure, in spite of his wig. But if we find the play sometimes unexciting, let us be thankful for all the charming memories it brings back to us; we may think sympathetically of all these great people one day when strolling on the Versailles terraces, where they strolled once, and where M. Sardou met them, some summer evening, shining in unfaded gold.

And M. Coquelin *ainé* is M. Coquelin *ainé*, the greatest actor of his time.

X. M. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOCIALISM VERSUS THE CHURCH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to your courteous invitation to state the case for Catholic Socialists, I think we need hardly trouble whether this or that prominent writer is for or against the profession of faith. The real question is whether the fundamental concepts of Socialism *v.* the Faith are coincident or, at least, parallel; or else whether their very outlook is different. There certainly do seem to be very great principles which the Church has always held, which no one else except the Socialists now seems to hold and to apply to practical life.

1. The first is the inter-dependence of men, a doctrine submerged by silly declarations of independence and the whole teaching of Whigs and Radicals for the last century. That is a principle as old as the Lord's Prayer. It is a spiritual principle, because the forces which unite, which explain it, are invisible and not contingent upon time and place, and, being spiritual, it demands faith. Ultimately it depends upon a realism in philosophy, which takes man as the reality and Smith, Jones and Co. as embodiments, sacraments of that greater reality, man. That is Plato's teaching, and Plato was a Socialist and the *Moyse atticus* of the Church.

2. Then, and therefore, the Socialists seem the only people who sincerely believe in Governance—in authority—which the Church also teaches to be the way in which God's people are to be lifted up for ever. To hear politicians talk, one would believe that Government is a nauseous necessity, to be reduced to the lowest minimum. The ordinary Englishman does not regard the laws as his friends all the days of his life, as Socrates did. He talks contemptuously of them, thinks they cannot make men righteous, and our Parliament puts up a paradoxical statue to a private citizen who abolished the Laws and kicked out the Parliament. Listen to the non-Socialists' talk about Confiscation—they seem

to think that the boy with the five barley loaves has rights against the five thousand. I mean that the good of the whole is not superior to some fancied rights of possession by the individual. That is unreasonable and unpatriotic. "Dearer than mother and father and all other relatives is one's country; yes, and grander and holier and of more esteem in the eyes of gods and of men of sense; and a man must reverence and obey and cherish his country, even when she is angry with him, more than he would his father, and must either persuade or obey her; yes, and suffer, if she bids him suffer, with patience; and if she bids him be struck or chained, and if she takes him to war to be wounded or killed, he has just got to do it; justice lies that way, and he must not refuse, nor flinch, nor leave the ranks; but in war and in law he has got to do what his State and country bids him, or else to persuade her, who is the very mother of justice." It seems to me that this is how Catholics look upon the heavenly Jerusalem, the Mother in whom all her children have a stake; and how Socialists look upon the perfect polity which they seek.

3. It follows from this that communal property, being the expression of the whole, is to be preferred to private property, which is the expression of the individual (and sometimes is his suppression too, owning him). The great Doctors of the Church are all in one consent here, that to wish for, to aim at, and to delight in communal property is the inspired method of the Holy Ghost and the mark of a devout soul. "*Qui vult facere locum Domino, non de privato sed de communi debet gaudere*" is St. Augustine's summary. "*Abstineamus ergo nos fratres a possessione rei privatae, aut ab amore si non possumus a possessione.*" So certain is the Christian verdict upon this point that the religious life has always been associated with a renunciation of private property. To nationalise may be a new and ugly word, but it expresses an old and lovely Catholic thing.

4. The modern State, as an *organum* for the common weal, seems to offer the only solution of the great usury question. The non-Socialists, in ceding everything to the usurer, are out of touch with and in direct antagonism against the traditional Church teaching, that a man ought not to take unless he earns. On their side they are quite reasonable when they plead that money hired ought to be paid for, like a cab or a boat. The Socialist plan of national banks and communal loans seems an eirenicon, which both parties to the argument of a thousand years can accept.

Excuse this long letter, but the subject is a large one and hardly to be jerked into an epigram.

CHARLES L. MARSON.

[We shall reply to this letter next week.—ED.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It must be inferred from the curate of St. Mary's letter of the 6th inst. that he is a Socialist of the most advanced type. He says he has been a Socialist for about one year, and he defines Socialism to be "a scheme for taking land and capital out of private hands and transferring it (*sic*) to the public." This is a very simple statement, and to one like myself, not well-versed in the philosophy of Socialism, there seem but three courses open by which capital and land can be taken out of private hands and transferred to the State—viz., first, by gift from the present owners; secondly, by confiscation, which, of course, means robbery; thirdly, by purchase on the part of the public or State. All three plans are equally impracticable and impossible, if not absurd. And those who advocate any such scheme are doing incalculable mischief by raising illusory as well as dishonest hopes and desires in the breasts of the unthinking and ignorant.

The late Mr. Herbert Spencer was one of the deepest thinkers of this or any other age, and I respectfully advise Mr. Paine to consult him on the question of Socialism. He will find some valuable hints in a letter from Mr. Spencer to the Hon. Auberon Herbert, dated October 13, 1885, set out in Dr. Duncan's *Life of Spencer*.

Socialism is a difficult and dangerous subject, and should not be dealt with in the offhand manner attempted by Mr. Paine.

ON-LOOKER.

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While delighting in your Anti-Woman Suffrage propaganda, may I ask you, in reference to your note in THE ACADEMY for May 30th, why you do not once and for all bowl out that old and hoary argument about the voteless Lady of the Manor and the drunken and idiotic Hodge the gardener with a vote. Two wrongs cannot make one right, and I venture to remark that it should be quite easy to shut up the blatant suffragette once and for all by saying that Hodge has no right whatever to the vote, and that if you had your way you would take it away from every one who did not sufficiently know about political matters to

register his own claim to a vote and to walk to the poll on his own legs. It was undoubtedly very wrong to give Hodge the vote; it would make matters a thousand times worse if you gave it to the screaming females who use this argument as a lever to get what they want. Trusting that I may peacefully die before they get it, I am, etc.,

(MRS.) J. E. PANTON.

17 Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, June 10, 1908.

[We cordially endorse Mrs. Panton's remarks. They represent exactly our own views.—ED.]

A PERSONAL APPEAL FROM THE SCOTTISH PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The appeal of the above association is amusing in that those making it fall into the very error they condemn. If it is an "offensive misuse" of terms to speak of the inhabitants of Great Britain as "English," how much more offensive is it to speak of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland as "British." Surely the adjective "British"—reasoning on the same lines as the Scottish Patriotic Association—can be applied only when Great Britain is referred to. The employment of it to embrace Ireland is quite as sectional, inaccurate, and offensive as the use of the term "English." Scotsmen may be satisfied with the adjective "British" inasmuch as it includes at least themselves, but I do not think that the Scottish Patriotic Association—which makes its appeal in the interests of justice and honour—will insist upon an emendation no less unfair to the sister isle than the adjective "English" is to it.

W. H. DAVEY.

Rea's Buildings, Royal Avenue, Belfast,
June 15, 1908.

WILLIAM CLARKE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I admit with the reviewer of the above volume that seven years is a long time after a man's death to publish any of his writings; but there were difficulties in the way, which were personal and into which I need not therefore enter. But the main point is the question—Why publish at all? Well, it seemed to Mr. Clarke's friends and editors that much of what he wrote was really worth publishing. I suppose that is the underlying reason for ever publishing anything. "Good, thoughtful, forcible journalism, excellent in style and matter," to use the reviewer's words, is not seen every day, especially when it deals with matters of permanent interest; and since the volume was published we have had abundant evidence that, as in his life, so after his death, William Clarke's words and thought have not only interested, but stimulated many minds. Even if only one or two journalists will be "spurred to emulate" his "capable and lucid style" a much-needed something will have been done.

HERBERT BURROWS.

99 Sotheby Road, N.

WANTED, A DINNER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Does THE ACADEMY, I wonder, ever give a dinner or some kind of social feast, where "iron could sharpen iron"? It would be much to some of us dwellers in lonely outposts to see sometimes and speak with those who have some interest in abstract subjects and in "the light that never was on sea or land."

A DWELLER WITH MESECH.

THE SO-CALLED "INDETERMINATE" SENTENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "indeterminate" sentence may be a good thing or a bad thing, an instrument of healing or of oppression, according to the nature and temper of the men who are empowered to carry it out; and what we humanitarians fear is that, administered as it is certain to be administered under our present system, it is much more likely to be used as a life-sentence than as a real test of character, or, at any rate, to bear less harshly on the crafty knave who has wit to fawn on prison officials and simulate a repentance which he does not feel, than on the avowed outlaw who will not or cannot conceal his resentment against the society which has made him what he is.

In this respect the Bill which is now before the House of Commons is a most dangerous one. It is the work of theorists who, while they have the means of giving instant effect to that

part of their programme which places the liberties of "the criminal" in the hands of his keepers, have no power whatever to call suddenly into existence that intelligent and reformatory spirit which can only come into being when we are able to understand the criminal instead of merely hating him.

The very fact that Mr. Gladstone's Bill has been hailed with rapture by such men as Sir Ralph Littler and Sir Robert Anderson, whose names are associated with all that is most hard and reactionary in the treatment of crime, besides being relentless enemies to appeals in criminal cases, might suggest serious reflections to those who are disposed to accept any measure that comes from a Liberal Home Secretary as necessarily enlightened and progressive.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

Humanitarian League, 53 Chancery Lane, London,
June 15, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

Andersen, Johannes C. *The Lamp of Psyche*. Melbourne: Thomas Lothian, 2s. 6d.

Fullerton, Mary E. *Moods and Melodies*. Melbourne: Thomas Lothian, 1s.

Maddock, Alice. *The Knocking at the Door and other Poems*. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

Redwood, Anderson J. *The Legend of Eros and Psyche*. Oxford: Joseph Thornton, 2s. 6d. net.

Thomas, Margaret. *A Painter's Pastime*. Greening, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

The Partialis Law. A Tragi-Comedy. By an Unknown Author. Edited by Bertram Dobell. Published by the Editor. 5s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Shakespeare. *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. With Introduction, Notes, etc., by C. W. Crook. Ralph, Holland, 2s. net.

Dann, Ernest W. *Historical Geography on a Regional Basis*. Dent.

FICTION

Cena, Giovanni. *The Forewarners*. Smith Elder, 6s.

Gunter, Archibald. *The Shadow of a Vendetta*. Ward Lock, 6s.

Moore, Henry Charles. *A Devonshire Lass*. Robert Scott, 3s. 6d.

France, Anatole. *The Red Lily*. A Translation by Winifred Stephens. Lane, 6s.

Penvala of the Black Watch. By the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos. Foulis, 3s. 6d.

Colvill, Helen Hester. *Lady Julia's Emerald*. Lane, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Lee, Gerald Stanley. *Inspired Millionaires*. Massachusetts: Mount Tom Press, \$1.25.

Steuart, A. Francis. *The Exiled Bourbons in Scotland*. Edinburgh: William Brown, 5s. net.

Johnson, Major A. G. *Leisure for Workmen and National Wealth*. King, 3s. 6d. net.

Atlay, J. B. *The Victorian Chancellors*, Vol. II. Smith, Elder.

West, the Right Hon. Sir Algernon. *One City and Many Men*. Smith Elder, 6s. net.

Galsworthy, John. *A Commentary*. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.

Scott, A. M. *Through Finland to St. Petersburg*. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.

Greenwood, G. G. *The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated*. Lane, 21s. net.

Macdonald Greville. *The Sanity of William Blake*. Fifield, 1s. net.

Sichel, Edith. *The Later Years of Catherine de Medici*. Constable, 15s. net.

Amundsen, Roald. *The North-west Passage*. In 2 Vols. Constable, 31s. 6d. net.

Scott, Sir Walter. *The Bride of Lammermoor*. With Introduction and Notes by J. Harold Boardman. Black, 2s.

Tourist Guide to the Continent. Edited by Percy Lindley. Great Eastern Railway Company, 6d.

Poll, Karl. *Führer durch die alle Pinakothek*. München: Süd-deutsche Monatshefte, M3.50.

Liège and the Ardennes. Painted by Amedée Forestier. Text by George W. S. Omond. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

Salt, Henry S. *On Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills*. Fifield, 3s. 6d. net.

Biggs, the Rev. C. R. Davey. *Russia and Reunion*. Mowbray, 2s. 6d. net.

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